

THE MOST DISGUSTING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

BLACKEST HEART

ISSUE #1 \$5.00

UNDER-
GROUND
HORROR
FILM
AND
VIDEO

REVIEWS
FICTION
ARTWORK
EDITORIALS
SEXPLOITATION
SLEAZE
GORE



PETER JACKSON'S
BRAIN DEAD
JOHN WOO
LUCIO FULCI
CHRISTIAN CORE
(FUCKING PRICK)

ANAL NUNS
SON OF CRUEL
SHOES
MEATMAN
FAMOUS
FUCKHEADS
BEER
DEATH METAL WITH
CIRCUS OF FEAR
REVIEWS:
HELLRAISER III
UNCUT RABID
CRAIGS

FOR ADULTS ONLY! (MUST BE OVER 18, DAMMIT!)

WE ENJOY OFFENDING PEOPLE

I was sitting in my room tooling this hitch up the ass when Shawn Smith, the owner of Ultra-Violent Video, called me and suggested we start a new magazine. Since Shawn's customers could not find any magazine that bridged the gap between horror and perversion, I agreed to help him out. Once we agreed, we had to think of a name for our new 'Zine. When I slid my dick out of my hitch's ass and looked at her bruised and abused shutter, I thought, "Man, I have a heart blacker than the bruise on her ass." I told Shawn this, and we both knew our 'Zine would have to be called **Blackest Heart**. Personally, I think **Blackest Heart** has a certain ring, and we have, in fact, the **Blackest Hearts** (God actually told us this while we were jizzing in Mary's face on Christmas). After we named ourselves, we had to assemble our staff because there isn't enough time for me to crank this dirty bitch out by myself.

When I discussed this fact with Shawn, he got the ball rolling by talking with his customers and connections about setting up some writers and artists. We started by raiding talent from other fanzines such as **Mortal Remains**, **Oriental Cinema**, **Gore Connection**, and **Anal Nuns**. Then, we were lucky enough to get **Brainstorm Designs** to do our artwork with the understated perversion we so love. We know that this change will add variety and volume to the magazine, which is always good (keep these issues, boys, because a couple of the staff members plan to get some things published real soon).

Despite these changes, several things will carry through from our previous efforts. From my magazine, *Big Al's Beer Review* and *Dark Images* remain because I always enjoy getting drunk and writing whatever the fuck I want. Another important aspect of our previous work is our refusal to censor anything, no matter how degrading, crude, socially damaging, or offensive. Incidentally, it is impossible to offend us, unless you refuse to share your booze. In a sense, as I write this, I realize that this magazine will be similar to the previous one in many respects, with the main difference coming from the new infusion of talent and material from others.

If you haven't read any of our previous work, this may not make sense to you, but it is important for me to explain that this is a new magazine, but we do know what we're doing (Check the classified section for back issues of our old mags). From issue to issue things will change (added or deleted), but there is one guarantee: this magazine will be packed with perversion, gore, perversion, violence, perversion, hatred, anger, and all the other things that make life worth living. That's about all I can say to lure you into our realm, but those of you who know my writing will understand that this promise is golden and it will be kept. With this in mind, I invite you to begin your journey into our world of sickness and depravity--we hope you enjoy the slide.

--Timothy Patrick

--Shawn Smith

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Letters to the editor

These aren't letters because this is our first issue and no one has written to us yet. Instead, we offer you quotes from people who have seen our work in the past or were unfortunate enough to be around us when we were drunk. Should you like to be included in the next issue, send your letter with whatever you want in it: **WE DON'T CENSOR.** We will print as many letters as possible, but if you write in and say, "Suck my dick," and nothing else, it's kind of silly to include that, but we probably will.

"Oh, you're silly."

--John Skipp

"How's it going, smut peddler?"

--Whitney Baine

"Thanks for the beer, dude."

--Pat Hood, *Hollywood Book and Poster Company*

"That's sick shit, man."

--Craig Spector

"Are you the guys that put out that sick, fucking magazine? You must be stopped!"

--David Schow

"It's good--funny. Keep up the good work."

--Anthony Timpane, *Editor Fangoria*

"You wrote all the things that Andrew Dice Clay couldn't get away with."

--Customer

"That's hella good, man."

--Chuck Jaraman

"My kind of 'zine, guys."

--Joe Bob Briggs

"I showed it to my boss--he gave me a raise."

--Customer

"Is this the guy who has a couple of six-packs and thinks he's funny?"

--Chris Solvea

"Very, very naughty stories, guys."

--Chris, *Itanu*

"In general, I just wanna fuck hitches."

--A.T.

"You're a lot drunk, buddy."

--Dick Miller

"Looks like you guys have an attitude."

--Jim Van Bebber

"Hustler's not smutty compared to that."

--Customer

"What do you guys want?"

--John Landis

"Well, it's certainly graphic."

--Reggie Bannister, *PLANTASM*

"I look forward to this keenly."

--Clive Barker

Send letters and comments to:
BLACKEST HEART MAGAZINE
3817 SAN PABLO DAM RD., STE. 614
EL SOBRANTE, CA 94803

LUCIO FULCI'S COMEBACK?

BY: KEVIN V. LEWIS OF MORTAL REMAINS

A while ago, Lucio Fulci was unheard of in the States, he seemed to have just disappeared from the world of gore. Then, finally, his film **ZOMBI 3** found its way overseas. Naturally, every gorehound was as excited as hell, only to find an ultra-cheap rip-off that Fulci didn't even direct! As most know by now, Fulci started filming (completing only about 10 minutes of the film) and then fell ill with viral hepatitis turning the project over to the horrible director Bruno Mattei. The film was a total failure, despite that it was entertaining considering what the film had gone through (. . . a fun trash flick). More pissed off at the producers by the way they could just blow off such an anticipated sequel, I anxiously awaited Fulci's next. Then came **THE RED MONKS**, a friend of mine sent me this calling it "Fulci's latest!" but, understandably, he was wrong. This movie is not connected to Fulci in any way. The producers wanted to cash in on his name and Fulci said "sure." Reportedly Fulci hasn't even bothered to see the film! The real director is Joe Martucci.

Then came the biggy. The bootleggers and underground fanzine world were screaming and yelling about Fulci's comeback, **CAT IN THE**

BRAIN, a film starring Lucio Fulci in the lead as a character named Fluvio, a splatter filmmaker with a deranged mind. The film

opens with Fluvio writing a script for a sick splatter flick, as he comes up with these ideas the camera shows his tortured brain being mutilated by cats. This is meant to show that this director has a very ill mind and it seems that horror was the only possible way to vent it. Eventually, it all gets to be too much and viewers are taken through a wonderfully sick and deranged visual assault. Easily Fulci's goriest film, and one of the goriest ever! Chainsaws, books, cannibalism, zombies, we got it all in this sicky and even a scene with Fulci driving over, and over and over some poor sap! The film does suffer from a lack of style and some bad acting. This is not a film to watch if you'd like to see a "well-made" film. It is simply

a gorefest to yell at and enjoy the rudeness. It succeeds in that way.

But, there is more to this film than meets the eye. Just how much was Fulci's work? The truth behind **CAT IN THE BRAIN** is that it was a quick ultra-cheap way to make fans happy. Fulci took scenes from other Italian horror films (which supposedly were made for TV, but it doesn't seem possible due to the extreme over-the-top gore) and spliced them in with his! So,



'Now where did I put those damn car keys?'

basically, all you get is a lot of close-ups of Fulci's face in shock as he trips out on hallucinations, which are nothing more than clips of other movies! Knowing this took everything away from the film, making it a bit of a disgrace to the Fulci-fanatics (like me). It was such a letdown because fans were jazzed to see the old guy (in his 70's) is still goin', but now all it proves is that the old man is getting lazy and knows how to make some fast money off of his ever ready fans. The films Fulci exerted footage from were two of his very own, **THE GHOST OF SODOM** (a.k.a. *I Fantasmi Di Sodoma*, 1988 - this film was shot for TV, but has never been shown because it is far too gory) and **THE TOUCH OF DEATH** (a.k.a. *Quando Alice Ruppe Lo Specchio*, or



NIGHTMARE CONCERT (a.k.a. *CAT IN THE BRAIN*)

When Alice Broke the Mirror, 1988). The other films are **BLOODY PSYCHO** (directed by Leandro Lucchetti), **BLOODY MOON** (directed by Enzo Millioni), **THE BROKEN MIRROR** (directed by Mario Bianchi), **DON'T BE AFRAID, AUNT MARTHA WOULDN'T KILL YOU** (again directed by Mario Bianchi), and **REMEMBER DR. JEKYLL?** (directed by Andrea Bianchi). The above seem to be very difficult to locate copies of, the only movie I have been able to track down is Enzo Millioni's **BLOODY MOON** (and of course the Fulci films). I hope the films will start to appear at least in the bootlegging market as each one seems to have something going for it. As for **CAT IN THE BRAIN**, I'll leave by saying that this film should only be viewed by the ultimate gorehound, otherwise the viewer will find no redeeming value.



'Does anyone have an aspirin?'

WIPE YOUR ASS WITH FILM THREAT

BY: SHAWN SMITH AND TIMOTHY PATRICK

Sometimes in life you have to stand up for what you believe in. You have to set the record straight, and that's what we're going to do.

Christian Gore and David E. Williams suck big, donkey dick.

Some people may wonder why we say this. What do we have against the fag brothers? Well, we'll tell you. Besides the fact that they suck big, donkey dick, they also attack innocent people, people who love the horror genre. That's right, a friend of **Blackest Heart** has been attacked by the partners in stab, and they won't get away with it.

This friend, someone everyone knows, someone respected in the gore community, has been needlessly and maliciously attacked by these fudge packers. The man under siege is Chas. Balun. And for what? Why was he attacked by the butt lickers? Why? Because he tried to make hard-to-find tapes available to the gore public. He tried to make it easy for people to find tapes that are not available in stores or even this country.

Shoot him! String him up! Cut off his balls! Who does he think he is? Why should he do us a favor? Fuck him! (Evidently this is the thought process at **Film Threat ButtStabazine**.)

Now, of course we need to qualify our attack on Christian Gore and David E. Spiliams (unlike their attack on Chas.), and we will. In Issue #4 of **Film Threat Video Guide**, David E. Williams wrote an article about what a naughty boy Chas. Balun was for duping tapes and selling them through the mail. Let's review: it is illegal to distribute copyrighted material without the consent of the copyright holder. But, it is the sole responsibility of the copyright holder to

enforce the copyright (**Not Film Threat**). If the copyright holder takes no legal action, it can be assumed that no injury is being incurred.

Of course, even if Chas. was ripping off everyone and their mother, it wouldn't bother us, but he isn't. He is distributing tapes that are not available in the US for various reasons. Without him, several gore classics would be unknown in the US, and **Film Threat** thinks this is a bad thing.

We wonder why. Could it be that **Film Threat** licks the assholes of foreign filmmakers trying to weasel the rights to their films? According to **Film Threat Video Guide** #6, they are busy sucking some shitters. In a "letter" to the editor, a fan asked **Film Threat** about their continual assault on Chas. and their boycott of bootleggers. This fan also wanted to know where he should get his movies. **Film Threat**, of course, had an answer—they are going to blow their way to the rights to all the bootlegged films. We're not sure if they're aware of this, but there are a lot of movies being duped out there and their mouths and assholes will be awfully sore by the time they get all the rights.



*'But David, you said
you'd pull it out before
you came!'*

This does seem like a great idea, though: they would become a one-stop horror center. They, however, forget about all the director's prints, behind-the-scenes videos, European cuts, and on and on. Many of these things don't really belong to anyone and no one has bothered to release them, so **Film Threat** cannot get the rights to them. And even if they could, there is no way they could afford the rights to all the films that are out there. It's another brick wall—**Film Threat** suggested a completely ludicrous solution, one that isn't even possible. Why do they do this? Do they actually think people are stupid enough to believe they will be able to get any film they want from **Film Threat**?

No, we aren't that stupid. This whole "idea" or "solution" is just another way for **Film Threat** to scam money from horror fans and continue their attacks on innocent people. If people listen to **Film Threat**, they will stop buying from bootleggers, many of whom have better copies of films than **Film Threat** (our copies of **NEKROMANTIK I** and **II** are better), and the independent bootleggers will die. When this happens, **Film Threat** will have a monopoly and will be able to charge whatever they want and control what you get to see. We don't like the sound of that.

Now, if **Film Threat** had superior copies and was professional, people might be willing to deal with them. But once again, no—their quality is no better than the bootleggers and they charge twice as much, which seems to indicate that the only way they can sell tapes is by eliminating the competition.

Film Threat is trying to get rid of the bootleggers with their bullshit stories about people like Chas. Their original article attacking Chas. was so absurd that it made us laugh (more than a little girl dying for no reason). **Film Threat** claims that Chas. sells these tapes to support his marijuana habit. We've met Chas. and he seems like a nice guy,

and we never asked him about his personal habits, but who cares. We don't know if he has ever allowed an illegal substance to enter his body, but if he has, it's his own business, not **Film Threat's**. Maybe they should worry about all the gerbils living in their digestive tracts.

What else is wrong with their attack on Chas.? Well, for one, David E. Dildoms claims that people like Chas. are crippling small, independent filmmakers like Jorg Buttgercit (**NEKROMANTIK**). However, because of Chas. and other bootleggers, **NEKROMANTIK** became a genre classic and Buttgercit was able to make a sequel with a larger budget. As a matter of fact, Buttgercit was even able to release the sequel in the US. Is this a bad thing? Does **Film Threat** want to prevent people like Buttgercit from releasing their films in the US so they can get the rights and sell the movies themselves?

And what happens when they get the rights? Do they faithfully fill their orders and bust their asses to make sure their customers are happy? No. Case in point: Another friend of **Blackest Heart** ordered **NEKROMANTIK** from **Film Threat** and waited. And waited. And waited. After three months and no tape, he wrote a series of letters trying to determine the status of his order, and waited. And waited. And waited. After a couple more months, he called **Film Threat's** office, and was given another phone number. This number turned out to be Christian Dork's (what a bonus!), and he got to talk to the head buttstabber. After an uninformative and unhelpful talk with Christian Gore, the tape finally arrived a few weeks later.

Well, that isn't so bad. There was a problem and **Film Threat** solved it, right? No. First of all, they should have responded immediately to the letters. Secondly, the fucking tape broke the first time it was played! Then, our friend had to go through all the shit again to get another copy! (And the quality was no better than the quality on one of Chas.'s

tapes.) All tolled, it took over one year, several letters, and several dollars in long-distance phone calls to get a copy of NEKROMANTIK. Nice job guys. We love to think of how easy it would be to get movies if you owned all the rights.

And then there's the shitty movies Film Threat actually produces. A good example is RED (like the color of Christina Gore's butt after his daddy fucks it). In case you didn't know, RED is based on an underground audio tape with a bunch of kids crank-calling the Tube Bar. Red is the owner, and over the course of the tape, he is repeatedly terrorized and threatened by the callers. Red, of course, threatens to slit them open and claims to have fucked their mothers. All of this makes for hilarious listening and would lend itself to a live-action movie.

The audio tape was made several years ago, and quickly became a cult classic. While it was circulating, several people thought it would be a good topic for an actual movie, so Film Threat made a "movie" about Red. We put movie in quotes because Film Threat actually took a series of black-and-white stills and played the tape in the background while filming the stills. This, of course, is a big piece of shit just waiting to be stepped in; if you're going to make a live-action film, do it, don't pussy out.

What makes this worse is the way the "film" is advertised in Film Threat Video Guide. In a full-page advertisement for RED, Gore claims "The movie is finally here!" We would like to hear what he defines a movie as. A bunch of stills sounds like a dog jerking off on a new carpet: interesting but not worth paying for. Also, the ad never specifies that the "movie" is only a series of stills. Does this sound like

misrepresentation and false advertising to anyone? Could Gore be afraid that no one would buy the shit he produces if they knew what it really was?

So what happens if you unknowingly see this ad and order RED? You get fucked by Film Threat; bend over, here's your tape. Of course, you could always ask for a refund. By the time you die, they may actually have taken the time to throw out your letters and laugh at you.

After hearing the experience of one of our friends, we don't think it would be a good idea to make plans for your refund check, because it ain't comin' pal. These idiots can't even fill their normal orders, let alone a refund request. Now, if they stated in the ad that the "movie"

was a bunch of worthless stills, fine, but they don't. The ad tries to trick fans into buying something that doesn't exist—a live-action film of Red going crazy and threatening the crank-callers. Show some common courtesy for real fans of the genre, guys!

We simply don't understand their point of view—what makes them pull this shit? Maybe they don't buy dupes anymore, but that's where they got started. If either one of these faggots says they never owned a bootleg tape, they're full of

shit. We guarantee that they had (and probably still have) dozens if not hundreds of duped tapes. So why don't they just fuck off and lick out their assholes! We're sick of their holier-than-thou attitude and cum-stained faces.

Apparently others are sick of them also. Many of their readers have left the mag because they don't like the smell of shit that comes with every issue, and no one enjoys paying money to a bunch of sellouts. Besides this, many stores no longer carry Film Threat or Film Threat Video Guide (Hollywood Book & Poster Co. being the



Christian Gore's lame-ass excuse for a movie about Red

most glaring example) because of their bullshit. Hmmm. . . it looks like the true fans of horror are organizing their own little boycott. If we keep this up, we can drive the two little pricks out of business and they will no longer have a forum to slander innocent people in an attempt to make a cheap buck.

(We do not know if Chris Gore and David

E. Williams engage in any bizarre sexual practices, but that doesn't matter. We wrote this article because we don't like them and we included the colorful descriptions and language as a form of satire, or joke. Don't cry Chrissy and Davey, or are you gonna tell your mommy that we are meanies? Fuck off, you little pricks!)

HOMER GETS LUCKY

FICTION BY: KIEL ALEXANDER

The car was huggin' a tree when Homer came upon it. Homer in a bad mood, pissed off at Sally for teasin' and not pleasin'. Again. Bitch always got his blood pumpin', but more often than not he had to dance alone, a little four knuckle shuffle, or stymie his desires under a stream of blood chillin' cold water.

He stepped out of his souped up primer coated Camaro to inspect the damage. As he approached the car he felt the warmth simmerin' under the metallic hide. Nice candy apple red Camaro, kinda like what his was gonna look like when it was finished. Lying across the hood, having been ejected upon impact, was the driver, an ornament of shredded clothing and flesh—a monument to hamburger. Nasty lookin' mess. Homer noticed bow in the bleached beams of his Camaro's headlights, the blood and paint meshed almost perfectly. Except, of course, that the blood was drippin' all over the chrome. Cool.

There was a moan, real pain inflected moan. Homer's attention was drawn toward the passenger side; his feet soon followed. It was a bitch, all bleedin' and broken lookin', but conscious. When he took in the awkward angle at which her legs were splayed, well, what's a poor boy to do. Especially in his. . . sensitive condition?

He dragged her out of the wreckage as she whined something about "Help," and all he could think was Help this bitch. He fucked her hard and fast on the dirt, no need to worry about feelings or her "gettin' hers," he reckoned the bitch was a goner anyway. No reason to let

'He fucked her hard and fast on the dirt'

some good pussy go to waste. She did shudder though, and Homer thought even in her present state of disrepair she couldn't resist the prompting of his cock. He sensed up, realized she'd just died, got his, and pulled out. He felt a momentary flux of queasiness but extinguished the rising disgust with a SO WHAT? That'll teach Sally to get him all juiced without handing over the goods. Bitch. They're all bitches. This one just got what she deserved.

He zipped up and strolled to his Camaro, satisfied. He ground the ignition, contemplating the turn of events, finally coming to the conclusion that the good lord must have been lookin' down on him this evening because sometimes, even when you least expect it, you get lucky.

HE'S NOT YOUR AVERAGE, ORDINARY DIRECTOR, HE'S PETER JACKSON

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

A movie with aliens running around with their asses hanging out; a movie about puppets that are drug addicts, panty sniffers, dealers, and mobsters; and a film with a guy chopping up a houseful of zombies with a lawnmower. If someone gave me this list, I could only say one thing: **Peter Jackson**. No one else would make such movies and no one else would be able to pull them off.



'Suck my spinning steel, shithead!'

—PETER JACKSON

Peter Jackson, horror's New Zealand connection, started making **BAD TASTE** in 1983 as a ten-minute short to test out a new camera. While filming on the weekends, the film continued to grow until four years passed and he had the backing of the New Zealand Film Commission and a full-length feature. It was a long struggle and Jackson wasn't sure what to

do with **BAD TASTE** when it was finished, but he decided to release it, thus starting his string of success.

BAD TASTE was a hit at Cannes in 1987 and even won the Horror Award. Then, it was released in the US by Magnum Entertainment and became a genre classic. People were amazed at what Jackson was able to do with so little money, no professional actors, and quite frankly such a lean script. But that is what Jackson does so well: he takes thin plots and small budgets and makes films that are campy and funny without being sickening. His films certainly aren't the crappy Freddy bullshit we've been subjected to for the past couple of years. Those movies fail because the writers spend more time thinking up one-liners than a plot. Jackson doesn't have this problem because he doesn't rely on plot to make his movies work, he depends on visual stimulation to keep the audience interested.

BAD TASTE first introduced us to his style of over-the-top horror effects that keep your attention (the first main scene has an alien getting his head blown off and dropping his brains on a guy's shoes), and he hasn't stopped since. While (**MEET**) **THE FEEBLES** (1989) is a puppet film, there is still plenty of gore with the finale featuring puppet blood all over the screen. This all comes after we are treated to over an hour of puppets fucking, doping, and killing each other—a truly sarcastic look at the life of the stuffed and stringed. What could possibly top this avalanche of gore, nothing but Jackson's next

film. **BRAIN DEAD** (1990) shows that Jackson can always go over-the-top, and in this case over-over-the-top. **BRAIN DEAD** features one of the goriest scenes I have ever seen, a full twenty minutes of nonstop dismemberment and killing as the main character slices up dozens of zombies.

This gore, and there is a lot of it in all of Jackson's films, is amazing, but what is even more remarkable is how he keeps his movies funny. Since most of his draw comes from the visual images and not dialogue and character development, we are allowed to laugh at the severe gore and mutilations. With Jackson's films you get the best of both worlds--gore that goes off the scale and humor that knocks you on your ass.

Why is Jackson so adept at doing this? I don't know, but anyone who can get \$300,000 out of the New Zealand Film Commission to make **THE FEEBLES** must have talent. This talent began to surface with his first short film, made at the age of eight in 1971. Shot on his parents' 8-mm camera, his "war documentary" featured his first special effect, poking holes in the film to simulate gunshots. The film also showed that he could do something interesting with the camera and got him started. Over the following years, he made several more shorts including a film featuring stop-motion animation. Each of these films was a rough beginning in a sense, a way for Jackson to test the waters of filmmaking, a way for him to see how his ideas translated to the screen.

Through his teens, this practice caused some problems because Jackson had so many ideas he often neglected to finish his films. He also became disappointed that his films didn't look the way he wanted them to when they were filmed. This dissatisfaction continued to stalk Jackson as he worked on more projects until he decided to make a movie about a man collecting money for charity who is taken into the woods and eaten by aliens. This simple story grew over four years into **BAD TASTE** and showed Jackson that he could make something he was proud of and that looked good. The sheer time and effort he put into making **BAD TASTE** as writer, director, producer, cameraman, FX artist, and star made it a wonderful movie. There were still problems, points when he changed designs or plots, but in the end, he liked the finished product.

The process Jackson went through while making **BAD TASTE** amazes me because most filmmakers go through it over the course of several movies, not one. Yet **BAD TASTE** doesn't have any real continuity problems. Despite the fact that the scenes were filmed over a four-year period and God knows how many storylines, the movie flows and makes sense--still another tribute to the simplicity and visual nature of Jackson's filmmaking.

Jackson's next triumph came two years later when he completed **THE FEEBLES**, his destruction of the Muppets myth. More than that, it was his destruction of the childhood fancy of cute, stuffed animals and the lives they might lead. Jackson showed they are no better than us and their life is a hard one. From the



Cedric, one of the drug-dealing Feebles

lipping porcupine to the neurotic elephant, **THE FEEBLES** is the funniest sarcasm-fest around. Every character has a dark side or at least a disability to be ridiculed; the few cute characters are drowned out by the insanity of those around them. The story centers around *The Feebles Variety Hour*, but that is a loose center point to the plot. In fact, the subplots are more substantial than anything else. The movie features an overweight hippo in love with a Mafia-connected walrus; a drug-addicted, knife-throwing frog with 'Nam flashbacks; a gay choreographer who wants to perform his song during the show (it's called *Sodomy*); and an elephant who is fighting a palimony suit slapped on him by a chicken.

Don't try to figure it out, you have to see it. This description makes the movie sound cluttered and psychotic, but it really isn't. Jackson is able to incorporate all these crazy characters into one story about a bunch of show biz fuckups who can't handle success, and it works. The characters drift in and out of the plot, but it always flows and no one stays around too long or leaves too early. (Of course, I was pissed when Trevor, the trash-talking rat, died.) And in the end, the only thing that could happen to such a motley crew does—they all get blown away in a scene that is almost cruel in how it's timed. Just when the characters learn some good news, they get wasted. Now that's funny.

Jackson's most recent film, **BRAIN DEAD**, isn't so funny as the previous two, but it is far more gory. In this one, a rat monkey carrying some bizarre disease ends up in the zoo. When a man who is constantly hen-pecked by his mother takes a young lovely to the zoo, mom follows him and gets bitten by the creature. Unfortunately for her, the rat monkey's bite turns her into a zombie. And there we go. That's about the entire plot for the film. The man doesn't get rid of his mother, he tries to keep her at home, but she ends up attacking

people and the number of zombies gets larger and larger until the lecherous uncle has a party at the house. When the zombies crash the party, the true gore begins and the rest of the movie features zombies being hacked, chopped, and blended until none remain standing.

The gore in **BRAIN DEAD** really carries the movie and there are plenty of scenes where you cringe and say "Oh, man!" because they are so disgusting. But that's why we love Peter Jackson. **BRAIN DEAD** is unbelievably gory, but it still has humor and you don't take it too seriously. It isn't some brooding mood-piece that only succeeds in depressing the shit out of



The product of a zombie fuckfest in **BRAIN DEAD**

everyone. **BRAIN DEAD** is instead a clever film with plenty of offensive imagery to shock and delight horror audiences. Much like all his films, it doesn't promise much story, but it delivers a hell of a lot of entertainment.

I'm still not sure how Jackson carries movies like this for an hour-and-a-half, but he's done it three times. Besides, some times it's better not to ask questions. I'll just accept Jackson's talent and be glad every time I see one of his films go over-the-top.

CASHRAISER III: HELLABORED ON EARTH

BY: TOM SIMMONS

Fango raved, Balun cheered, Barker approved, and I was bored.

Don't get me wrong, I got a helluva kick out of the first of the skinless series. With its murky, claustrophobic atmosphere, original ideas and visuals, and interesting, inventive FX, it captured the essence of Barker's writing, broke new ground and made Clive's name a virtual household word.

The second entry in the annals of the flayed, while not to the voracious originality of the first (low points include an exceptionally mundane concept of hell and a disappointing finale), succeeds due to superior production values, a good cast and a meaty state-of-the-art smorgasbord of visceral shocks including heart-ripping, razor-slashing, multiple skinnings, head-nailing, and shit I can't even describe (the conitization of Dr. Channard alone is worth the price of admission).

This current installment is a lamentable fiasco (pun intended), a dull, brainless mess that only a truly indiscriminating viewer could enjoy. Granted, its abundance of FX moves it up a notch from the usual dreck clogging the arteries of your local video dealer. And let's face it, any genre offering is better than enduring the latest mega-box office crowd-pleasing shit with the likes of Robert Redford, Tom Selleck, or (gag) Meryl Streep. Which, I think, accounts for its popularity during this rather dry season. But aside from that, this flick belongs in the freezer section of the local grocers waiting to be stuffed and roasted on November 26th. That's right--it's a turkey: big, stupid, and useless. And ya know what? I'm even gonna give you some reasons why.

First off, you know you're in for it when

that inept comedy/horror hack, Anthony Hickox (whose films are neither funny nor scary), is credited as "Director." His idea of



*Pinhead reborn in
HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH*

camerawork, in this film, is kind of a mutant hybrid of MTV and old Traci Lords movies. Lots of hyper-active cutting between extreme close-ups, that are even more annoying than a bad Fulci or Franco outing. Thankfully this is

much more fitting for the small screen, but if you're in the fourth row from the front, it's enough to make you chew your own foot off. Tony, do us all a favor, before you kill (another film) again, watch some of the masters at work. Catch an Argento or an old Hitchcock flick. These are filmmakers who know how to draw their audiences into the story with their camerawork, instead of leaving the audience acutely aware that they are, in fact, an audience.

Speaking of stories, I really wonder if Barker even gives a fuck about the continuation of his mondo demonia mythos anymore. Clive apparently told his buddy (and screenwriter) Pete Atkins that his current version of the script was his "best yet!" Is that hilarious or what? You can't help but guffaw since the first draft had the pervaders of pain being summoned to a summer camp to lay waste to a horde of hormone-infested teenagers. Gimme a fuckin' break, will ya? I guess bearing that in mind, the idea of the pierced-one wreaking havoc in a nightclub populated by hormone-infested teenagers is a fucking brilliant leap of the imagination. Particularly since the rest of the film consists of our favorite spiky-top and his cheesy new minions chasing around a box-bearing blonde, only to be zapped out of existence without any real climatic confrontation.

Well, at least all elements of the film are on par with each other. That is to say that the acting is every bit as abysmal as the directing and writing. One thing I can't seem to understand is how you can cram so many lousy actors into one flick. To be fair, the acting in most of the genre fare is pretty much on the no-talent level, but then again we usually don't have to pay seven bucks to see the usual genre fare, as it invariably goes directly to video.

I could go on and fill the pages of this 'zine with the endless flood of flaws, inanities, and short-comings that plague this film. Such as how the hell-spawned sados lose all of their

mystique when surrounded by the same trappings as Michael or Jason. There's even a dream sequence that could have been lifted from one of the Freddy flicks. Not to mention a gratingly annoying, whining, sniveling mess of a character (you know the one I mean), that is either striking poses for the camera or sobbing, this chick must have a lifetime supply of waterproof mascara. And in the end, the film just peters out in an anti-climatic, pointless scene where every hit of the paper-thin plot is thrown out the window in favor of some neat computer FX and a throwaway line. All in all, this tepid stew is only lived up by some flavorful chunks like Doug Bradley's dual role as Pinhead and his pre-'Bite self Captain Elliot Spencer. But even this is not even close to perfect (through no fault of Bradley's). There is such a contrast between the two roles, it's as if there are two characters rather than two sides of one. Thus, allowing for no opportunity for insight into the character of Captain Spencer, such as why such a mild-mannered veteran of the trenches of WWII would develop tastes for the "pleasures" of the box.

The best hits over all have to be one scene where Pinhead's pillar-trapped form sucks the skin right off the body of a brain-dead himbette. And the other is a righteous scene that takes some swings at Catholicism's sacred cows by having Pinhead mock the Crucifixion and provide a decidedly unholy communion for an unwilling priest! Aside from these two choice chunks of inspired grue, the pickings are slim and this (hopefully) signals the demise of the Lament in its cinematic form.

So if you just gotta have that Ceno-fix, I suggest reading "The Hellbound Heart" just one more time.

Please send all hate mail and death-threats care of the editor.

DARK IMAGES: FATHERS AND SISTERS

FICTION BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned. It has been six months since my last confession, and I find myself," the young man paused, unsure if he should go into this with a priest, if he should mention this to anyone. He didn't want to admit his feelings to anyone because he knew they were wrong, but he had to get some kind of relief from his turmoil, "Well, I find myself looking at some of the women in the church."

He stopped himself again, and the priest quickly understood that he was reluctant to continue, "Go on, my son, these feelings are normal for a man your age. Don't be afraid to speak of them in the sanctity of the confessional."

"Okay, it's not that I look at some of the women. I look at Sister Mary and Sister Magdelane." With this admission, he fell completely silent as he waited for the admonishments he knew were coming, but he had to be honest in the confessional.

The priest thought of what the young man said and smiled. He appreciated what the boy was saying, and it made perfect sense. Both of the sisters were fine-looking women, especially when they wore their crucifixes and the crosses dangled between their breasts. No, the priest could not blame the boy for his feelings; he understood them and felt them himself. If he could, Father John would let the boy off, but he recognized the voice as one of the altar boys, and he had to keep up appearances.

"You realize that Sister Mary and Sister Magdelane are married to God, my son, and it is not right to look at them in that way. Are you sorry for your actions?"

The boy muttered under his breath, "Yes, Father, I am sorry."

"Very well then. Say twenty-five rosaries and stop looking at the Sisters."

"Yes, Father."

The boy left, and Father John sneaked a peek at him as he walked down the aisle to one of the pews. It was one of the altar boys—Dave McGee. While the boy knelt and began his penance, Father John allowed himself to think of what he had forbidden the boy—the two nuns, no more that twenty-eight-years-old, with their large breasts and shapely legs. He certainly couldn't blame Dave for staring at them, and Father John couldn't blame himself for hoping to do more than stare.

Father John watched the mass from the storage room alongside the altar. He sat between a crate of candles and a few jugs of altar wine, looking through the door while Father Thomas said the mass. He wasn't really paying attention to the ceremony, concentrating more on Dave McGee, who was one of the altar boys for this mass. John told him before the mass began to make sure he was the one who went into the storage room to get the wine and Eucharist during the ceremony because John had a surprise for the young lad.

He snickered, this was more than a surprise; this would change the kids life and make Father John the happiest priest around. He stopped giggling as he turned to look at the two nuns, tied together with their habits torn off and their naked bodies pink from where he slapped them. He could make out his palm prints on their breasts, and he found himself getting terribly excited by the sight. He wasn't sure if he would be able to wait for the boy before he began, and he decided he might as well warm them up.

With a mischievous smile, John approached the two women and pulled up his cassock to expose his penis. He wasn't wearing underwear because he loved the feeling of the coarse fabric on his body when he said mass. Now, his dick was staring down on the women who were shaking all over as they waited for what they knew was coming. John looked at them and contemplated taking off their gags so he could shove his dick down their throats, but he knew they would scream. No, he would have to settle for exploring other passages today. Maybe later, when they got used to feeling him stiff their holes, and hopefully grew to enjoy the feeling, he would get some deep-throat action.

That was something to work on, something he didn't waste any more time on now. He closed in on Sister Mary, the younger of the two and leered down at her breasts and her neatly manicured pussy. He was initially



surprised that she took the time to shave her hair and keep it trimmed, but he supposed nuns had to get their kicks somehow. Still, he enjoyed the

thought of this woman shaving her long legs and thighs in the convent--it made him even harder. Father John looked down at his purple pal and smiled broadly; he wasn't going to wait any longer. He shoved Sister Mary onto her back and rammed his dick into her virgin hole. She was unable to scream, but John heard an oomph!!! escape the gag when he entered her and began pumping.

That sound and her incredibly tight hole conspired to excite John and push him even further. He reached over and grabbed Sister Magdelane by the hair and dragged her over to

'...his dick was staring down on the women who were shaking all over as they waited for what they knew was coming...'

his side. Without a word, he shoved two of his fingers into her pussy and started rubbing her clitoris with his thumb. Despite the obvious discomfort of the two nuns, John knew they were warming up to the occasion when he felt his shaft and his hand being covered with their holy water. Once this happened, the only sounds John could hear were his panting and the squishy slickness of his flesh rubbing against the two nuns.

John concentrated on the sounds knowing they were too soft for anyone in the congregation to hear, but he wondered if Father Thomas could hear. To satisfy his curiosity, John turned as he continued his pounding and looked over his shoulder. He saw father Thomas lifting his hands in blessing, apparently oblivious to what was happening thirty feet to his right. This pleased John, along with the fact that he saw Dave looking at him and watching John's work. He wasn't sure, but John thought he could see the young man rubbing his crotch

ever so slightly while he knelt on the altar.

John turned his attention back to the nuns, and had to try not to laugh when the thought of the altar boy masturbating on the altar during mass entered his mind. This was wonderful. The priest smiled and decided to make things even more special. Without stopping his thrusts, he grabbed Magdelane again and rolled her over while he stretched his hand out to the crate of votive candles. He grabbed one and planted it in her asshole, slowly at first, allowing the warmth of her butt to soften the wax and make the task easier. When it was halfway in, John reached into the breast pocket of the shirt he still wore and grabbed his lighter. In a quick movement, he lit the candle and watched it burn and melt the wax. Within seconds, the melted wax began running down the candle stem onto Magdelane's young, holy ass. He saw her writhe slightly when the first drops hit, but she soon began squirming freely with the hot assault.

This display of ecstasy pushed John to his own and he withdrew from Mary just in time to lean forward and spray her face with his priestly cum. Mary closed her eyes under the onslaught, but she was unable to close her mouth for the gag, and bits of cum made it to her lips and ran along the length of them. Now, John had to laugh, but he managed to keep it to a short burst that almost no one would hear.

John rolled off Mary and wiped the sweat off his forehead with his shirt as young Dave entered the storage area. The young man, John guessed him to be thirteen or fourteen, was red in the face from his obvious tension, "Bless me, Father."

The priest pointed to Magdelane and her pyro-ass, "Bless her."

Dave nodded and almost threw his pants off without even removing his cassock. He ran over to Magdelane, yanked her to her knees, and slid his developing penis into her holy hole. He left the candle in her ass and watched it bob back

and forth while he pummeled away at the nun. His youth and excitement didn't give him much time to enjoy the sensation and he came quickly, filling the nun with his exuberance.

Mary looked intrigued by the actions of the altar boy, but that was nothing compared to what John had planned for her. He turned her over and stuck a finger in her ass, which he soon followed with his dick. This time, the nun gave out more than an oomph!!!; John knew she was in pain, but he didn't stop. Her asshole was so nice and tender that John wanted to spend his life there, all the time increasing his thrusts and pleasure. He was in a dream while he did his work, but he still noticed Dave watching him. Soon enough, the boy was hard again and the candle was out of Magdelane's butt. Apparently Dave liked the idea of getting some nun butt and he plunged into the great unknown, making it a double-nun-butt-fuck.

John nodded to Dave while they matched each other's rhythm, stroke for stroke. They became so engrossed in watching their performance that they didn't notice the other altar boy entering the room, looking for Dave. When he saw what his compatriot was doing, he had his pants down in a second. He shimmied under Magdelane without disturbing Dave, and forced her down onto his dick. Now, she had the distinction of being a double-penetrated nun, with an altar boy in her pussy and one in her butt.

This was all too much for John, who pulled out of Mary and pumped shots of spunk onto her back. The boys watched him, and this time Dave didn't blow it. He came free of Magdelane and grabbed her hair, twisting her head around in time to shoot her in the face with his load. The other altar boy took this as his cue, so he rolled on top of her and matched Dave's performance shot for shot, leaving Magdelane's face drippy with their youth.

Both of the young men were sweaty and red-faced, but they had to get back to the mass

The yanked their pants up and ran back onto the altar with the ceremonial wine just as Father Thomas started to walk to the storage area in search of them. They trotted back to their places as the priest shook his head in disapproval of their tardiness with the wine, but he had no idea what they were doing in the back room.

This scene was unnoticed by John, who was busy dragging the two nuns out of sight. He knew Father Thomas would be coming back here in about ten minutes, and he wanted to make sure he didn't get caught. John was busy

*'Her asshole was so nice and tender
that John wanted to spend his
life there. . .'*

trying to get Magdelane across the floor, so busy that he didn't notice her gag slipping off. Finally, it was off, and John was shocked by the sound of her voice, "Fuck my ass again."

John turned and smiled, "Certainly, Sister, but we need to leave here first."

She nodded, and Mary looked strangely pleased by what Magdelane said. She stood up along with Magdelane and the trio left the storage room through the back door. The nuns were still nude and bound at the hands, which forced them to jog quickly across the parking lot to the convent. They all made it without being spotted, and John didn't wait before he was exorcising Magdelane's butt demons again.

Dave and his friend smiled through the rest of the mass, unaware of the trio's mad dash to the convent. When they reached that sanctuary, Father Thomas was raising his hands for the final blessing, and when John reentered his holy sister, Father Thomas ended the mass with a final "Amen."

LA WEEKEND OF HORRORS '92: JUST ANOTHER EXCUSE TO DRINK

BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK AND SHAWN SMITH

This year's *LA Weekend of Horrors* was memorable for everyone who attended, including the staff of *Blackest Heart* (of course we can't remember most of what happened because we were wasted, but here is a partial accounting):

Thursday

11:00 AM - Meet in bar for staff meeting and start drinking

Friday

2:00 AM - Bars close, so we decide to leave for LA

2:15 AM - Start eight-hour drive to LA

2:30 AM - Take a piss on the side of the road

5:45 AM - Arrive in LA

5:55 AM - Arrive at liquor store and wait for it to open

6:00 AM - Pick up a few cases for the day

6:05 AM - Start drinking

8:00 PM - Go to hotel to get our dealer table and wait for the ugly-ass, overweight, lesbian, Creation



'It's time to die!'

—Richard Lynch

Convention bitches to show up and let us in

8:15 PM - Whitney Baine arrives and starts sexin' some tenders

10:00 PM - Tony Timpone arrives and starts looking for the ugly-ass, overweight, lesbian, Creation Convention bitches

11:00 PM - Ugly-ass, overweight, lesbian, Creation Convention bitches arrive and start stinking up the hotel with their mastey pussies and stanky butts

11:01 PM - Blackest Heart staff starts making fun of UAOLCC bitches

11:02 PM - UAOLCC bitches hear us and threaten to sit on us if we don't shut up

11:15 PM - UAOLCC bitches kick us off the dealer table we want

11:30 PM - UAOLCC bitches give us a shitty dealer table, but at least it's away from their smelly pussies and hairy butts

11:45 PM - Go to liquor store to re-supply



'Aren't you the guys who fucked up our San Jose Convention?'

Saturday

12:01 AM - Continue drinking
11:00 AM - Convention starts
11:01 AM - Start making fun of people as they walk through the door
11:02 AM - Pat Hoed from *Hollywood Book and Poster Company* mooches a beer off us

11:03 AM - Ken Kish and his ol' lady Pam show up and start stealing our business
11:04 AM - We start following young girls into the bathroom

11:05 AM - Tear them little panties down, shove our erect cocks into every hole they own, rip their stuff up, and jizz all over their faces

11:06 AM - Little girls start looking for doctors to stitch up their assholes

11:15 AM - Marvyn shows up at table

11:16 AM - Marvyn finishes his sixth beer

11:30 AM - Made enough money to buy more booze

12:00 PM - Chuck Jarhead's dirty butt starts reeking up the table

12:15 PM - Christian Gore drags his AIDS-infested asshole into the dealer room

12:16 PM - Cum starts dribbling out of Christian Gore's mouth

12:20 PM - While bringing Chas. Balun a beer, we get in the middle of an argument between Chas. and Chrissy

12:21 PM - Give beer to Chas.

12:22 PM - Chas. dumps beer on Christina

12:25 PM - Give Christ-my-butt-is-sore-from-getting-fucked Gore a copy of our article ridiculing him (He says "Thanks.")

12:30 PM - Pat Hoed mooches another beer



'Pull your pants back up!'

—Linnea Quigley

12:45 PM - Chuck Stankbust spills beer all over his tapes and keeps selling them

2:00 PM - Clive Barker walks through the dealer room

2:01 PM - Cenobium's psychotic-looking, overweight, afro-having (and she's white), publisher starts drooling all over Clive and following him around the dealer room

2:02 PM - Start feeling sorry for Clive because of Cenobium skank's constant attention

2:30 PM - Try to steal ARMY OF DARKNESS promo tape from KNB

guys

3:00 PM - Chat with Jim Van Bebber about censorship

3:15 PM - Pat Hoed mooches more beer

3:45 PM - Chat with Dario Argento, can't understand what the fuck he says

4:00 PM - Reggie Bannister from *PHANTASM I & II* says he likes our attitude

4:15 PM - Linnea Quigley officially declares she is afraid to walk by our table

4:45 PM - Pat Hoed mooches more beer

5:00 PM - Whitney Baine mooches a beer

5:15 PM - Decide to pound beers until the show ends

7:00 PM - Count all our money

Sunday

5:00 AM - Wake up hungover



Sweet and tangy!

5:01 AM - Start drinking again
5:15 AM - Take a dump
6:00 AM - Drink our breakfast
7:00 AM - Discuss ways to kill
the Cenobium skank

10:30 AM - Unload cases of
beer at dealer table

11:00 AM - Show begins
11:01 AM - Pat Hoed and
Whitney Baine mooch beer

11:30:59 AM - Smell
something sweet and tangy

11:31:00 AM - Monique
Garbielle enters dealer room

11:31:01 AM - Start discussing
the ways to fuck Monique Gabrielle
(hard)

11:45 AM - Monique bends over to pick
something up

11:45:01 AM - We grab her ass

12:30 PM - John Skipp walks by table and
we force a copy of our newsletter on him (He
still hasn't combed his hair)

1:30 PM - John Landis comes to table and
asks "What do you guys want?"

1:31 PM - Start making fun of John Landis
for killing those kids while filming
TWILIGHT ZONE THE MOVIE

2:00 PM - Richard Lynch
enters dealer room and shows off
all his scars

2:15 PM - Armando Creeper
walks by our table

2:16 PM - We follow
Armando to the bathroom

2:17 PM - We beat the shit out
of the little faggot Armando and
rip off all his shitty makeup

2:18 PM - We make Armando
lick the crusty shit out of our asses
(he likes it)

2:45 PM - Force a copy of
our newsletter off on Brian Yuzna and tell him
it will change his life



'Das hella dope.'

--Eazy E.

VIOLENT SHIT I & II comes up to table and we
tell him how much his movies suck

4:02 PM - Pat Hoed, Marvyn, and
Whitney Baine mooch more beer

4:30 PM - Notice Monique Gabrielle
selling nude pictures of herself to little kids (we
approve)

5:14 PM - Bruce Campbell walks by table,
but won't stop because he remembers what we
did at the San Jose Weekend of Horrors



'You're a lot drunk, buddy.'

--Dick Miller

3:15 PM -

Director Jeff Burr
hears we are
selling an uncut
copy of one of his
movies

3:16 PM - We
hide something
that could be
mistaken by an
uninformed and
ignorant person as
an illegal copy of
Jeff Burr's movie

3:45 PM -
Producer of

5:32 PM - We
complain to Tony
Timpane about how shitty
the hotel is

7:00 PM - Show
ends, we count our
money and empty beer
bottles

(Note: All descriptions of
people are our own
opinions and have little
or no basis in fact. This
means that this is satire,
a joke, so don't take it
too personally. Of

course, the Creation Bitches are fat and the
Cenobium bitch does have an afro.)

JOHN WOO -- SYMPHONY OF VIOLENCE

BY: DAMON FOSTER OF ORIENTAL CINEMA

This should prove interesting in that for once, I'm writing an article for a magazine who's editor is not likely to edit or censor my work. Every other magazine (excluding my masterpiece O.C.) has altered my articles. Hell, in a recent article for some other 'zine, I used incredible restraint to avoid profanity, it wasn't until the 4th or possibly 5th line that I used the phrase "blood-pissin' cunt." But let's just get right to it—I've been asked to write about John Woo (again). Hong Kong's (HK) greatest action director is best known to damn Yankees (us) for his definitive film, the gory **THE KILLER** (Cinema City, 1989). In my humble, unimportant, non-opinionated, non-critical opinion, **THE KILLER** is Woo's most overrated, over-exposed film. Regardless, it's a trendy bit at art houses, film festivals, and those scummy theaters usually frequented by bums and lice. It's one of the few recent HK classics to make its way to American pay TV, yet in HK, in recent years, many equally entertaining thrillers have come out, which will, of course, go unnoticed in America. It's also one of the most frequently bootlegged films available on video, but I first saw it at a Chinatown theater; a pleasant event despite the old Chinaman seated a few seats back, who had a serious problem controlling his phlegm. Anyway, though commonly seen, **THE KILLER** is a well-made, enjoyable movie. By now, it's common knowledge that a US rip-off is in the works, starring Richard Gere for some reason.

Believe it or not, John Woo has indeed produced and directed many other action films

including **A BETTER TOMORROW** (1987), which gets my vote as **THE** classic gangster and guns thriller. This masterpiece changed the face of HK cinema. Before the immensely influential **A.B.T.**, the main source of HK action, dating back to the Bruce Lee period was chop sockey

r o m p s. Don't get me wrong; most kung fu tales are more fun than a barrel of drunken m o n k e y s, but their unrealistic approach kept them very campy, ridiculous at times.

A.B.T. broke all the rules, replacing swords and fists with bullets, and instead of the

typical camp and tackiness of the martial arts genre, featured intelligent drama and serious characters. Its surprising success paved the way for numerous sequels and imitations (i.e. **THE KILLER**). This is not to say that Woo and **A.B.T.** are exclusively responsible for the



吳宇森

Ng Ji San, Wu Yusen
Alias: John Woo



Making Friends in HARD-BOILED

success of the HK 'new wave' (term invented by trendy morons who just recently got into the HK swing of things) in filmmaking of the 1980's. HK's modern thrillers were successful dating back to 1982, thanks to Sam Hui's **ACES GO PLACES** films, and Jackie Chan's cop adventures added significantly to the genre.

Another John Woo bloodfest **BULLET IN THE HEAD**, continued the tradition of blood, guts, and bullets, but with an added ingredient: Heavy duty social commentary, in an anti-Communist vein. Influenced by the massacre at Tien An Men Square, and the governmental propaganda (a.k.a. lies) that followed, **BULLET IN THE HEAD** frightened Hong Kongese, already worried about the Commie threat to HK in 1997, when the Communists will have a hold on HK tighter than a virgin's vagina, and will make everyone dress like toilet attendants on the Oriental Express. B.I.T.H.'s sadistic portrayal of the Vietcong was a bit much for the audience's stomachs, so the film failed at the box office (though loved by the same loyal American fans who made **THE KILLER** so successful). In more recent years, Woo has done additional crime dramas with more gore, guns, and fun: **ONCE A THIEF** and **HARD-BOILED**. The success of John Woo's many crime dramas has attracted American film producers like flies to a kid in Ethiopia. Not

wanting to remain in HK once it becomes flooded by more Communists than backed-up toilets in a Mexican bus station, Woo is, of course beginning his American film career! His first will be **HARD TARGET**, a 'mercenary saves the girl' farce, starring, unfortunately, Claude Van Dumb. The gore and emotional intensity in Woo's HK films can't be matched in this upcoming American film, considering the American tendency to avoid 'excessive' violence and excessive entertainment value. It's possibly the end of an era, I bet watching **HARD TARGET** will be as fun as spending a week with your face up Norman Fell's ass-crack.

John Woo Info

Place of Birth:	Canton (a.k.a. Guangzhou)
Year:	1948
1951:	Moved with family to HK.
1960:	Developed a love for movies and stage drama, during high school years.
1969:	Gets his first professional job in films, as a scriptboy for Cathay Studios.
1971:	Gains more film experience under sword-hero director Chang Cheh, at the Shaw Bros. Studios.
1973:	Woo's first film, YOUNG DRAGON , is produced and is a success, purchased by Golden Harvest for distribution!
1974-86:	John Woo's popularity, skill and wallet size increase as he produces & directs numerous kung fu, comedy, & action films.
1987:	Woo creates his ultimate masterpiece, A BETTER TOMORROW , the definitive classic about HK trinds. Dozens of sequels, imitations, and rip-offs follow.
Future:	Plans to work on his first American thriller, HARD TARGET .

THE FILMS OF JOHN WOO

YOUNG DRAGON (1973) - Not available for review.

THE DRAGON TAMERS (1974) - Neither was this one.

PRINCESS CHANG PING (1975) - This was available, unfortunately. No, no, no! A thousand times no! John Woo, please tell me you only did it for the money! This utter bore is a filmed stage play, a traditional Chinese opera! No action, no real swordplay, just tons of traditional song and dance; Chinese folk music and anthems from medieval times. Despite beautiful costumes and whopper sets, it doesn't live up to the 1960's opera movie it remakes, not that any of us would like that one either. There are no English subtitles, so this filmed play is an even bigger waste than big tits on a dyke.

HAND OF DEATH (1975) - [A.K.A. "Countdown in Kung Fu"] Now we're getting somewhere! Jackie Chan and other kung fu heroes star in this action packed adventure about Shaolin monks taking revenge against Ching Dynasty bastards. Full of martial arts, honor, male bonding, revenge, and other fun stuff Woo would later become known for. Great fun.

MONEY CRAZY (1977) - Not available.

FOLLOW THE STAR (1977) - Nor is this, but I don't want to see it anyway, so there!

LAST HURRAH FOR CHIVALRY (1978) - John Woo's salute to director (and onetime teacher) Chang Cheh, best known for his period films. To an extent, this costume adventure is like your typical Shaw Bros.-inspired sword film.

Lots of action and swordplay in a medieval setting. But it's a thrilling, bloody, action packed tale of revenge, honor, more male bonding, and of course, chivalry, as two valiant swordsmen chop up hundreds of warriors serving under evil warlord Pai.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES (1979) - It's got its moments, but I'll have to give a thumb down to this goofy, silly, sometimes downright stupid excuse for a comedy. Ricky Hui plays a poor guy who wins a lottery and becomes rich, and later gets chased around by a bunch of assassins. He's pursued into a bizarre insane asylum full of psychopathic prisoners. Between the assassins and crazies, the nuthouse becomes an insane (no pun intended) battle of chases, kicks, and slapstick. The film's amusing, final 30 minutes almost makes the preceding boredom worth sitting through. It ends after the assassins are killed in a riot of maniacs, Ricky escapes and lives happily ever after.

TO HELL WITH THE DEVIL (1981) - Ricky Hui is back in this amusing fantasy featuring a few imaginative special effects and more slapstick humor. However, this unique farce may be too exotic for roundeyes. So I squinted, and seemed to enjoy some of it. A bizarre, madcap tale of a starving musician whose soul gets sold to the devil with hilarious consequences.

LAUGHING TIMES (1981) - Ain't never seen it, but it sounds stupid.

PLAIN JANE TO THE RESCUE (1982) - Looks stupid.

THE TIME YOU NEED A FRIEND (1984) - Haven't seen this one either, I feel so bad.

RUN TIGER RUN (1985) - Ditto.

HEROES SHED NO TEARS (1986) - Definitely a must see for any Woo fan, as it has a lot of gunplay, and the sort of action that many Woo fans have come to expect. It's violent, suspenseful, gripping and bloody, but the emotional intensity can't compare with his later films. Not that Woo didn't try. The obligatory camaraderie is among a group of mercenaries in some war-torn, poverty stricken area of South East Asia, like maybe Vietnam or Cambodia. Our righteous heroes (lead by Kuo Sheng) thwart a rape attempt by an evil platoon lead by Lam Ching Ying. From there, it's one thrilling slaughter after another, via explosions, bullets, stabbings, and fights. I was mildly disappointed, but that's okay. It's not like I see a disappointing film and get traumatized for life.

A BETTER TOMORROW (1986) - 1970's kung fu star Ti Lung is well cast with Chow Yun Fat in this masterpiece. Chow was catapulted to stardom in this classic tale of betrayal with the HK triad. Two inferior sequels followed, Woo's involvement was minimal.

JUST HEROES (1988) - Woo's co-direction with Ng Ma gangster and gun drama. Not great, but worth checking out if you have a free afternoon. A confusing story, with Chen Kuan Tai, David Chiang, Danny Lee, Stephen Chow, and other familiar faces.

THE KILLER (1989) - In a script similar to that of Sonny Chiba's **GOLGO 13: THE KOWLOON ASSIGNMENT** (Toei, 1977), Chow Yun Fat plays a hitman who battles mobsters with the help of cop Danny Lee (who became known to Americans ten years earlier, for his role as **INFRAMAN**, another cult classic!). Perhaps the definitive Woo film, **THE KILLER** broke new ground for HK films in the USA!



***Chow Yun Fat kicking
ass in
HARD-BOILED***

sorts of stuff, including the atrocities of the Vietcong. A disturbing, but excellent tale of thugs, greed, corruption, explosions, babes, bullets, and all that good shit!

ONCE A THIEF (1991) - Fans of all those old **PINK PANTHER** movies should get a kick out of this escapist/romantic comedy. Despite overly 'cute' moments, there's a fair amount of gunplay, involving three thieves trying to go straight. Our heroes are: Chow Yun Fat, Leslie Cheung, and Cherie Chung, possibly named Cherie because we'd all like to have popped her cherry.

HARD-BOILED (1992) - I don't see why there's so much hype and praise over this average HK thriller. It's good, but not THAT good! I doubt Woo can ever again match the powerful drama of **A.B.T.**, but as far as guns, action, and bloodshed go, **HARD-BOILED** delivers! The story and character development might suck like a gay vacuum cleaner that just got out of the closet for the first time, but the battles and explosions make up for it. Plot-wise, Chow Yun Fat plays a cop, assisted by one time rival Tony (Tony Leung of **B.I.T.H.**), an undercover cop. They're on the hunt for mobster Johnny Wong, whose henchmen just killed Ko, a witness and police informant. So our two heroes blow away the whole mob in a series of intense shoot-outs, one in a hospital!

**BULLET IN THE
HEAD (1990)** -
Jacky Cheung,
Waise Lee, and
Tony Leung as
HK fortune
seekers who
venture to
Vietnam in the
late 1960's.
OOPS! They
encounter all

BIG AL'S BEER REVIEW #4

BY: AL (ME)

I don't feel too good, maybe I shouldn't have had that last sixpack. Oh well, if I puke, i puke. Who gives a shit! Fuck it man. Pukin just a way to make room for more beer! Goddamnit.

Shit, I got to write this fucking thing for Blackest heart number 1. I've been writing for these fuckers for a coule of years, bu that was before we became blakest Heart. Then we were dsomething else, and I had a fucking job, but now the shits are layin my ass off. I don't know why either, i hardly ever show up to work drunk afte that last time. but those hit sdont' give a fuck. assholes

Burps feel good.

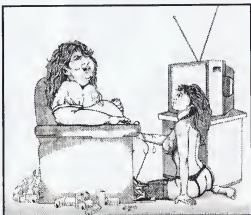
My butt itches, but I don't feel like scratchin it because I got a beer in eahc hand. If that bitch ever gets back here, I 'll hvae her scraffh it for me. She likes that. Maybe I'll save up a fart for her, let her drink it up.

So, I got to write my fucking beer wrexiew. Today I'm drinking Petse's Wicked Ale. Pretty good shit. A little heavy, but it packs a punch and Al likes a punch godammit. I 'm tired of these gucking beers tath cost 10cents a case and have only 1 drop of booze in them. Strong beers motherfuckers—king cobra, olde english, little kings. That 's the only way to go. Fuck this Coor's light shit. I don't drink light beer because I'm afraid I'll grow tits and a pussy if I start drinking it. I saw Corona light in the store the other day. It looked

like a diabetic's penis discharge. Talk about crap. I like beers that sit in your stomach and brew awesome farts for the next couple of days, not this shit that looks like douche droppings. And you know they piss in that shit.

I was in the store the other day and the bitch asked me to see my id for beer, so I said sure and showed her a picture of my cock. I siad that should prove that I'm over 21 godammit! When she saw my tool, she tried to make a joke, but fuck that bitch motherfucker. I knew she wanted my shaft up her butt. you know grocery store bitches like the anal thing. That 's why they hang out inthe produce section Whores!

You know, it would be real funny to take a dump on a police car when those sons a bitches are eatin their jizz donuts. I was going



to work on the graveyard shift the other night and this fucking cop followed me. Sok I threw a couple a beer bottles at the motherfucker and taught that asswipe a thing or two. Fucker. I should f just shot the son of a bitch. that's hip these days.

When you pick your nose do you look at the boogers. I do. I hate those slimy ones that you can't flick off the end of your fingers. You roll them around and around, but they won't flick off. I usually just wipe them on someone's back.

Pete's motherfucker. I don't know if you can get this shit out of California because it's brewed in Palo Alto, you know where Stanford fagbunt university is. Pretty good. If you can't get it where you are, I got some suggestions for getting fubamfr (fucked up beyond all mother fucking regocintion) --Eku Urtypt Hell 28 (13% alcohol), any barley wine (Sierra Nevada Bigfoot, Anchor Old Foghorn, Young's Old Nick) I'm a bigtime drinker and after a couple of these you just sit back and look at the fucking ceiling. The best thing is they don't cost that much. I mean they are about nine bucks a sixer, but they got five times the booze, so that ain't so bad. Besides, all you got to do is go into the store, pop open one and pound it. If someone says something, just say, "I wanted to see what it tasted like and leave" by the time the cops get there, you'll be pissing on the store manager's momma. (A helpful hint, imports are generally not twistoffs, anchor is not a twist off, but Sierra Nevada is!) Bring in a fucking bottle opener and if they say something break the bottle over their fucking heads! Fuck the motherfuckers. Beer should be free goddammit! Son of a bitch

I'm working on another 22 oz. Pete's wicked ale. I like em big so I can break the bottles over people's heads easier.

That was cool, I'm listening to Slayer, and when I stopped typing my and started to

vibrate. Looks like I need a few more beers.

You omkwo they should bet together the staff of Blackest Heart and let them teach little girls how to fuck like the dogs that they are. I'm just kidding, you shouldn't think of women sexually because then the bitches will get you with a harassment suit. No, you can't look at women anymore, because it's illegal. They can stare at my cock all day long, and that's okay, but I can't look at their titties and pussy hole without getting in trouble. What kind of bullshit is that. When some chick walks down the street with her lips lubed and loose, I need to say something like "let me get some of that," but I'll be getting arrested what is that shit?

Power of a gun used with conviction. I like slayer, but that doesn't make much sense. When you shoot someone in the fucking head, that's pretty convincing. Of course, if you shoot me in the head, beer will come out.

Ever been so drunk that it felt like your brain was floating in beer. When you roll over your brain sloshes around in the beer! I like it. It makes me wet. Just kidding, I'm always wet.

I got to take a piss and get another beer, back in a second

I had something really important to say, but I forgot what it was.

You know what you need to drink: black satin. They mix cider and stout and it tastes like chocolate. The best thing is the waitress won't know what it is so you can tell her it's your jiss after you fuck her ass. Then she'll really remember you.

Ministry

Ministry

The best fucking band ever goddamnit. They know what anger and violence is all about. It's about love and death motherfucker!

Time to get up on that keystone horse, no more Pete's.

What the fuck does Keystone line their cans with anyway? Their beer doesn't taste no

different than all the other shit in cans. Thye don't got shit on the inside of their cans. You know when Kyeaston first came out it was about \$4 a 12-pack, but know it's about \$7. What the fuck in shit is that. Get us booiked and raise the prices, fucking dope puserhs! I used to buy thr dshy because it tasted pretty good and it wasn't that expensive, but if it's that muchj a sizer, butck it. I anin't going to tsend that

much motherfucker.

I'm about running out of space for this fucking thing, so I got to think about sayin goodyb. So fuck off, moterhfucerr. If you got a beer you want me to reveier. tell me goddmmmit and I'm think about it!

Big Al sayin stay wasted, it's easier tahn being sober.

OUR PERSONAL SHITLIST

This is our shitlist, a collection of people who should kill themselves because they are such worthless pieces of shit.

Christian Gore - This guy is the biggest backstabbing sellout we've ever seen. He runs around whining about people who collect rare horror videos as a hobby. He may not dupe tapes, but everyone else does, and it's the only way fans can get copies of the films.

Queen Elizabeth II - Next time I pay for dinner and a movie, I want some action, bitch!

Governor Booth Gardner (Wash.) - We would like to know how he justifies institutionalizing censorship and oppression in his state. His law banning the sale of "offensive" albums to children only makes sense when you look at the shit stains he left when he wiped his ass with the Constitution.

Tipper Gore - PMRC. She is another sellout. You may notice that her PMRC (Please Mutilate my Rancid Cunt) got real quite when Al decided to run for VP. It wouldn't make much sense to have an outspoken woman behind him, so she shut up. But her views have not changed and she now has much more power.

Threat Theatre - Stop ripping people off and backstabbing honest traders. Shitheads like you tend to get themselves in a lot of trouble, and you don't have any friends to back you up.

(Please note: this is not a threat, and anyone who thinks it is, is just foolish.)

Jack Valenti (Head of the MPAA) - "Our rating system prevents censorship." Yeah, sure, we believe that. Your rating system is a way to force the public to watch what you want them to watch because you blackmail the studios. The big film companies will not release an NC-17 or X-rated movie because they know they will lose money when theaters chicken out. Why don't you let parents and individuals decide what is appropriate for them.

Carl's Junior - When I go to order a burger and fries, I don't want some tard slithering over to my table and drooling all over my food.

Foreign Customs Agents - When we mail something (provided of course it isn't explosives or weapons), we expect our package to get where it's going. We don't expect some fuckhead to open it and look at our personal things. Customs seems to disagree—we have had packages confiscated in Canada, England, and Germany. Why don't you faggot voyeurs get a better hobby than jacking off on other people's mail?

(Hey, this is our opinion. We have no knowledge of the sexual practices of anyone mentioned in this articles, but we, in our humble opinion, think they all suck!)

SON OF CRUEL SHOES

FICTION BY: KIEL ALEXANDER

They snapped at him from within their box. He knew they were possessed, evil shoes. He knew this by the way they always spoke in tongues, demanding heinous resolutions for their cravings. He'd threatened many times to leave them, but they always managed to keep him in tow with their own, more substantial threats. Threats that wilted his courage into a dried, withered shell of despair. They promised his disobedience would be futile; they would track him to the ends of the earth to distribute their wrath. He would pay with more than his life. He whined, as he always whined; they snarled, underlining their displeasure with him telepathically, reveling in the spiteful, lucid snippets of his pending persecution. So he remained, their reluctant henchman.

Carlo stepped out of the stockroom, nervously checking his watch, noting that it was almost closing time. He approached a full-length mirror, trying to straighten his tie, comb his hair, and wipe the sweat from his brow in one sweeping motion. He toyed again with the notion of leaving, but the repercussions they promised infiltrated his thoughts. His appearance grew sour.

There was only one customer in the store, and she seemed more a browser than a buyer. He fidgeted, shifting his hands into and then out of the pockets of his gray slacks. He thought, they'll be truly incensed if he doesn't come up with someone...

Then she walked in. Miss Pinkerton. A regular: a shoe freak. Big, black, and under the impression that this shoe store was here for one purpose and one purpose only: to cater to her every whim. She always demanded Carlo's full

and undivided attention, no matter the flow of people in the store, always grated on his molars with an act of calculated politeness, always arrived near closing time knowing that the salesman in Carlo could not, would not refuse her business. Meaning the next hour was shot.

"Hello, Carlo. How are you today? How's business?" she said, feigning interest where there was none. She was too immersed in the

'He pressed his sweaty palms to his ears and shook his head, trying to block out their percolating demands. . .'

gathering of shoes to express any real concern. She didn't care about business; she knew it didn't matter, nothing mattered until she made her weekly jaunt to brighten his day. Like an insidious outbreak of pimples poised conspiratorially to sprout at the most inopportune times, she was a harsh reminder that he was nothing more than a shoe salesman, a gofer—her slave.

"Fine," he said. His fingers flexed into spider aerobics, needlessly active.

She plopped down in a chair and dumped at least twenty shoes on the floor in front of her. "I'd like to see all of these in a size eight, if you wouldn't mind, Carlo. Thank you, dear."

Carlo knelt down before her and silently picked up the shoes, thinking what he always thought: If you're a size eight, I'm Prince's left nut (ah, the stories it could tell). He rationalized that no woman of her Amazonian stature and elephantine girth could fit those swollen piggies into a size eight without a

crowbar and a jar of petroleum jelly. But somehow, someway, she always managed to squeeze and struggle and sweat her feet almost into at least one pair-almost, mind you-and she would deem the stitch-straining shoes as perfect, don't you think?

He stood up with shoes jutting out every which way from the cradle of his arms. "Excuse me, I'll be a few minutes."

As he passed the curtain-the barrier between the selling floor and the stockroom--he dumped the shoes on a table. His eyes darted to the box bouncing up and down, lid askew,

*'They curtailed his fleeting rebellion,
pledging torments that far exceeded
their previous threats. . .'*

shoes poking out in obscene joy, eager in anticipation. He pressed his sweaty palms to his ears and shook his head, trying to block out their percolating demands. It was to no avail.

He rushed and retrieved as many of the pairs of size eights as he could find. In his haste, his hair had fallen haphazardly in his face, his shirt had skirted up and over his belt. This time he didn't even notice his rumpled appearance. He just wanted away from their prodding influence.

He passed the curtain with arms full of boxes, only to be met by Miss Pinkerton's malicious smile and a pile of at least thirty more shoes at her feet. Carlo ascertained an air of spite in her motives, as if she were taking out the trials and tribulations, prejudice and racial upheaval bestowed on her ancestors on him. And probably a pinch for her lonely hloatedness, too. Cow.

"May I please have a slipper spoon, Carlo, and the rest of these? Thank you, dear."

And so, the next hour went like this: in the now barren confines of the store, Carlo waited hand and foot on her, wrestling with the impossible task of trying to slip her massive, stinking toes into shoes that, if they could speak as the shoes in the back, would be screaming bloody murder at their misuse.

He sat on the floor, disheveled and out of breath, a mountain range of shoe boxes piled behind him. He thought she deserved it, oh yes, she definitely deserved it. He instantly erased the thought from the slate in his head. But still there were traces. . .

"I guess there's nothing for me today," she said, surveying her damage, dimples in full splendor, "unless you've received a shipment of new shoes in the back that you haven't been able to get out yet." It was a teaser, a push, knowing that the last thing in the world he wanted to do was go back for more shoes.

Traces. No, he couldn't. Let them stew. Let them. . .

"There, uh. . . is one. . . uh, yes. If you could be so kind as to step into the stockroom." Inside, his whole body cringed, sinking into a puddle of shame.

Fiddlesticks, thought Miss Pinkerton. Oh well, she'd run him this much, might as well follow up on her unanticipated good fortune.

"Come," he said.

He rushed in and shushed the shoes. His actions were superfluous; they'd already quelled their joy, falling silent and still.

"Have a seat," he said. He motioned to a wooden, straight-backed chair.

"Why, thank you, Carlo," she said, measuring the discomfort this chair was going to bring. Her generous posterior quivered at the task ahead, straddling the small, hard chair. It was the antitheses to the cushy chairs out front. Oh well, she thought, he'll pay for her discomfort with his time.

"Here," he said, and opened the box. He saw them for what they were: horrid, dreadful demons awaiting sustenance. She saw them as they wished her to see them: the most beautiful pair of supremely contoured three-inch pumps she'd ever imagined.

"They're gorgeous, Carlo. Simply gorgeous." She'd lost her vindictive edge, entranced by their masquerade. "Are they my size?"

They were always the right size.

Carlo tempted fate, waging battle with negative thoughts and body language. They curtailed his fleeting rebellion, pledging torments that far exceeded their previous threats. Anyway, they queried, don't you think she deserves it?

"Put them on me," she said.

Carlo hesitated.

"Put them on me," she ordered. Common courtesy fizzled, she was blinded by their beauty.

Their terrible beauty.

Carlo's battle was lost. He put them on her and stood up, backing away. In the midst of his foreknowledge, he still clutched at straws--the salesman within--trying to deny the inevitable.

"How do they feel?" How dry, how caring.

"They're incredible," she said, admiring their perfect fit. "I'll take them."

No, they'll take you.

Even on her ebony face it was noticeable. Blood flushed from her features like a vacating toilet. The next few seconds lingered achingly long. As screams welled and started to ascend from within her, heading for--he was sure--a most explosive release, Carlo quickly inventoried his surroundings and blinkfast shoved a shoe stretcher in her mouth, twisting the metal handle. It expanded to fill her cavernous maw, stifling her screams; blurs and mumbles waned.

His eyes were as wide in disgust as hers

were in shock. He backed against the wall and watched them.

Them. The cruel shoes.

Razor-teeth ground in a circular motion as they devoured her. Teeth like propeller blades climbed her bloodied, thrashing stumps, tongues lapping and slurping lasciviously. Stuck in the chair, her thrashing succeeded in tilting it, sending it crashing to the floor--a rumble of behemoth proportions.

Their gorging continued, unabated by the shift in position. Instead of going up her legs, they now went down. The position actually facilitated an easier line of attack. They'd just passed her knees and now gnashed on her meaty thighs.

Carlo could watch no more, listen to no more. The sight was gruesome enough without

'Razor-teeth ground in a circular motion. . .'

the firecracker popping of her bones. He scampered rat-like by the revolting feast. Miss Pinkerton's eyes stared dead at the ceiling; her body no longer twitched. The shoed noticed his hasty retreat and sent the chill of laughter down his spine.

That was it. He vowed--that was it. He left the mess of shoe boxes on the floor swearing never again never again never again. He trembled as he locked the glass doors.

"No more," he whispered, defiantly.

They needled him, pricking unmercifully: Remember the consequences.

He turned away, fatality embracing him, his brain screaming its protestations in his head: Never again. Never again, as tears streamed down his face. Never again. Never again! This would be the last time.

They snickered: Until the next time, of course.

DARK IMAGES: MEATMAN

FICTION BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

"Meatman! Meatman!" The children ran down the dusty street screaming in delight at the approach of Meatman as they dodged around and over the piles of debris littering the dilapidated road. They all hoped their mothers would hear their cries as they ran into their homes with the belief that they would be able to liberate their mothers' spare change for Meatman.

Tommy was the first boy to make it home, and his mother was busy getting dinner together when he stormed into the kitchen. Clara knew from his yelling that Meatman was coming, but that didn't calm her anger. She was completely out of patience with Tommy and she would have to teach him a lesson about his behavior, "Stop yelling in the house!"

The boy stopped, anxiously trying to determine how to hit his mother up for some change. He hadn't been able to go to Meatman last time, when all his friends did. Tommy remembered this, and he would cry if it happened again, but mom didn't let him down.

Clara breathed slowly through her teeth until she thought of a way to teach Tommy some respect for his elders. When the idea came to her, she put a smile on her face and pointed to the kitchen table, "There's some change in my purse." This distraction was just enough to make her forget the boiling sauce she had cooking until the hot liquid climbed over the edge of the pan and splattered onto the stove. Her anger flared again—she would teach him a lesson about respect. Her voice reflected her rage when she called after the retreating boy, "I want you to get me two legs for lunch tomorrow, and don't take long in bringing them back." Then, under her breath with a cruel snicker, "Or

don't come back at all."

Tommy nodded and ran from the house with his change, happy to be away from his mom and just in time to see Meatman stopping across the street. The neighborhood children already had the truck surrounded, and Tommy could barely see the seasoned meat hanging from the sides of the truck. The elders realized the truck was an old ice cream truck converted into a meat wagon, but the children were too young to remember when there was ice cream—when there were any real treats for children.

The young children were delirious with the smells of roasted meat and the spicy tang in the air, so they were not inclined to wonder about Meatman. Besides that, He had always been around, ever since the children were babies. The elders, however, could remember a time before Meatman, remember a time when He wasn't necessary. That was just a memory now—Meatman had become one of the most important people in the town since the fire, for He brought them their food.

Before the devastation nature brought on the small town, they had been farmers and businessmen, but that all ended on the hot, dry day just over a dozen years ago. The weather was perilous on that day—the wind blew from the east for the first time in memory, and it was hot. The day was not simply another hot summer day, it was hot enough to etch the feeling of sweat and oppression into everyone's mind. It was also hot enough to ignite the parched grass that lined the hillsides surrounding the town.

In the beginning everyone thought it was an ordinary fire. That perception disappeared when the smoke turned the afternoon into a

smoky night and the wind kicked up even faster to fan the flames. In moments, the fire surrounded the town on all three hillsides and their only exit was east, into the harsh wind and rising sun. It all started before ten as the sun rose to increase the heat even more, and it wasn't over until the sun had passed six more times.

The town and the surroundings burned for almost a week, yet things remained. Most of the people fled or were killed by the blaze, choking to death as the flames sucked up all the oxygen or burning to death in their homes. Some still made it through the fires, but there was nothing left for them when it ended. All the crops were lost, all the business was gone, and all connections to the outside were obliterated. Had it been a larger town, someone would have noticed and sent help, but Meatman was the only one to respond.

Within days, He arrived as their savior. His converted ice cream truck cruised into the starving town laden with sweet smelling meats that tasted better than anyone could imagine. No one questioned where He came from or how He found them; they were merely glad someone was there to help them and provide them with food.

His service, one for which He earned meager wages, turned Him into a town hero and eventually into the most venerated person around. The children worshipped Him and longed for His visits, the mothers thanked Him for filling their tables, and the fathers respected Him. It all worked out wonderfully for Meatman, after He had done something so simple as selling cooked meat to a township.

Now, He was busy tending to all the children and taking their orders. Most of the kids pushed up close to be near the kind old man, but this didn't bother Him. As long as He filled their orders and was on His way to conduct His other business, nothing would upset His calm. He listened to all the cries and yelps

of childhood and dutifully filled their requests until Tommy made his way to the front. When He saw the boy, Meatman cocked His ear to the wind and turned to His right, spotting Clara's nod from the kitchen window.

The exchange was instantaneous, but that was all Meatman needed, and He knew from the look in the woman's face what she wanted. It was His responsibility as a businessman to grant her request. In the next moment, Meatman had Tommy by the arm, "Hello, little Tommy."

The boy smiled at the attention, "Hiyah, Meatman. My mommy wants two legs for..."

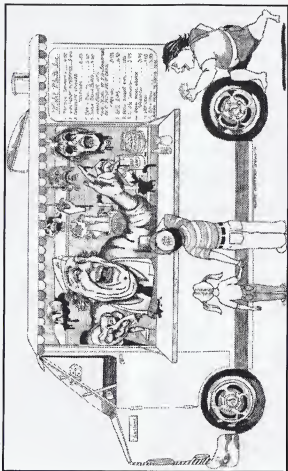
He raised His hand, "Don't worry about your mom right now. I have a special present for you. Would you like to ride in my truck?"

The other children gaped at the invitation and were immediately jealous. Tommy smiled, first to Meatman then to the others, and accepted without pause. Meatman smiled back and led Tommy into the back of the truck, which was full of crates and carcasses. Tommy didn't mind the company, though, because it was an honor to ride with Meatman, something a boy of ten could only dream of doing. But he was there, in the back of Meatman's truck with all His foods and stores before him.

Tommy enjoyed the sensation of being chosen while the ride lasted, but it ended quickly. When Meatman reached the town limits, He pulled the truck off the road and into Steamy Gully, so named for the gloomy mist that never left this dark section woods. This mist gave the Gully the look and smell of a burning forest, and it was rumored that the hot spot that started the blaze of years past was here, so no one ever ventured to the Gully. This was all ignored by Meatman, however, as He jumped from the truck and walked to the back where Tommy sat.

"Come on out of there, boy. I got business with you."

The lad hopped from the truck and followed Meatman farther into the gully until they



reached a small shack. It was under the shade of a huge oak tree that still showed the scars of the fire and Tommy couldn't see much of the shack, but he could smell it. It had the same sweetness to it as Meatman's meats, leading Tommy to suppose that this was where He worked His magic.

Meatman smiled back as the boy lifted his nose to take in all the smells, "That's it, boy. Breathe it all in."

Tommy did this until he found himself dizzy by the richness of the smells and the underlying pungent stench that he never noticed before. The stink grew while they walked to the shack until it overpowered the boy's pleasure and set off tiny alarms. He knew the smell was bad and foreboding, but this was still Meatman.

'It tore through the skin on the back of his neck and ripped its way upward until it caught on the boy's skull. . .'

Meatman watched the changing expression on the boy's face, waiting only until He saw the tinge of fear cross his expression. In that instant, He slid His cudgel from His pocket and slammed it into the boy's throat. He knew He was supposed to hit the children on the back of the head, but He liked to see their expressions when He turned on them. It was such a treat to see the boy's eyes bulge when his larynx collapsed, and it was almost hilarious how the child clutched lamely at his throat while he fell to the ground.

Meatman stopped to chuckle when Tommy coughed up a ball of phlegm and blood, realizing again why He so loved His work. His chuckles grew while Tommy continued to roll amongst the dead leaves, trying to force a cry or a scream through his broken throat. This was all too good for Meatman, and He had to stop it or He would never finish His work. With

another blow from the cudgel, He drove Tommy's nose into his brain and killed him.

When the lad stopped his struggles, Meatman looked him over and nodded. This was a fine piece of meat--definitely worth His time. There was a blackening bruise on his throat and blood streamed down his forehead, but that wouldn't bother Meatman. No, He would be able to fulfill Clara's request most definitely.

The work began within seconds, and Meatman had the boy in the shack and stripped in under a minute. He had done this so many times over the years that He could finish the entire chore without thinking, but He would enjoy this job. He lifted the nude boy over His head and planted him onto one of the meat hooks hanging from the ceiling. It tore through the skin on the back of his neck and ripped its way upward until it caught on the boy's skull. After a few seconds of swaying and tearing, the body stopped moving and Meatman gave it a slight yank to make sure it was firmly on the hook. It barely moved under His tug, signaling He could continue.

Normally, He would finish quickly and move on to the next job, but things were slow today so He could take His time. Meatman intended to take as long as necessary to do His best job, so He began by unzipping His fly and pulling out His penis. He looked down at His own meat and smiled at the layers of caked blood that stained His manhood. He viewed each layer as a testament to His professionalism and would never dream of washing them from His body. His gaze shifted from this treasure to the one that now protruded from beneath His shirt. He lifted His old smock to look at His trophies, the tiny penises He had stitched into the flesh of His stomach. Each time He took a male child, He took their penises and joined them to Him so the memory would never fade.

He smiled and looked to the boy. He would have another trophy.

Meatman removed His smock completely and dropped it to the floor, revealing the full majesty of His collection. There were fully fifty tiny peckers ringing His chest several times over, some old and decayed, but they were still connected. The seized meat swayed back and

'There were fully fifty tiny peckers ringing His chest several times over, some old and decayed, but they were still connected. . .'

forth while He crossed to the boy and rubbed His blood-stained penis to make it hard. He quickly grew to the occasion and tried to slide himself into the boy's asshole. The kid was smaller than He expected, so Meatman was forced to lubricate the dead hole with the blood that ran from the meat hook. It did the job and allowed Meatman to slide into the young corpse.

Meatman found Tommy inviting and He wasted little time or attention on the ripping sounds coming from the child's butt. He

concentrated only on His excitement, which sent Him soaring. He pounded away, listening to the slapping of the penises on His chest and the squeaking of the meat hook. The sounds and feelings made Him content until He felt the blood from Tommy's ass running down His scrotum to drip onto the floor. When He felt the wetness on His balls, there was no more time for Him and He came in the boy's asshole.

When He finished, Meatman took a deep breath and walked over to His knife set. He grabbed His largest cleaver and turned back to the boy. Without pause or word, He hacked off both of Tommy's legs and they fell to the floor. Blood spurted from the stumps and colored the floor and legs, but Meatman ignored the mess because it was simply more seasoning for the legs.

He looked between the legs and the swaying body and smiled again, "Your mom's gonna love the legs I give her for dinner." He let out a cackle and planted the cleaver in Tommy's chest before picking up the legs and throwing them in the pot with the rest of tomorrow's meats.

THE GRANNIES OF GRUE~~THE UNCUT *RABID GRANNIES*

BY: TOM SIMMONS

Oh, the boundless joys of uncensored mayhem. Remember when the uncut print of Scott Spiegel's *INTRUDER* made the rounds? Paramount apparently wanted absolutely no hassles with the MPAA and brutally chopped out every single scene that might be deemed offensive. Such is the case with Troma's release of *RABID GRANNIES*. For some reason, the Troma Team felt that an unrated print was

out of the question. Only the castrated version would be released anywhere. They wouldn't even release the unrated print on Japanese laser disc (what's up with that?!). The only places you could see the gleefully malevolent uncut version were in France, Germany, and in an export theater in downtown Ventura, California. The latter was where fellow trash cinema devotee, Don Hermanson Jr., myself, and a

handful of people saw an uncut print of one of France's coolest gorefests on a huge two-story screen. Man, it was a genre buff's dream come true. It may not have a broad scope or as much atmosphere as **EVIL DEAD** (an obvious inspiration), yet nevertheless is a great antidote to the tepid, anemic, pseudo-intel "thrillers" that have been dominating the box office for over a year.

If you haven't seen either version of **RABID GRANNIES**, the plot is a paper-thin vehicle for the over-the-top effects sequences, that is helped along by competent directing and one of the best written scripts, for a low-rent indy, that I've seen in a long time. Every year a birthday party is held for two rich old ladies whose relatives dutifully show up to score points for the inheritance. One of the family members is disinherited for his involvement in a satanic cult and the scandal it created. As his revenge he sends a gift to the birthday bash: a wooden box filled with an evil mist that spikes the old biddies' wine and transforms them into slaving demons (a nod to Jorge Grau's **RAISIN DE LA MORTE**, perhaps?) who then proceed to slaughter most of the cast in a variety of ultra-violent set pieces that put the progressively uninspired, limp-dick horror franchises to shame.

It has been a long standing cinematic taboo to have a child shuffle off this mortal soil, unless, of course it's in a dramatic context (in

DEAD CALM it was okay to show a child plowing through the windshield of a car because it made a trendy statement about the evils of drunk-driving and not using proper safety precautions. **THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!** The message is driven home with all the subtlety of a 20 pound sledge to the brain.) It is definitely going against the grain to have a child snuff it in a sadistic and violent fashion for pure exploitation value (as soon as they reach puberty, however, they are fair game for any psycho, demon, or zombie, and suddenly morals take a flying leap in favor of the almighty dollar.) Here director Emmanuel



*A granny goin' rabid in the REAL movie--
the UNCUT RABID GRANNIES, not that piece
of shit Troma released.*

Kervyn pushes the constraints of that envelope by having one of his satanic seniors coercing and eight-year-old girl to come play with her and then rips off her legs (this happens off screen, however), tosses one down the stairs at mom, while the family pet cheerfully chows down on the other! And you thought the French were only good for angst-ridden dramas, stomping on grapes and eating

things that crawl around in gardens. No fucking way! Although I have yet to see the latest Froggie gorefest, **BABY BLOOD**, this qualifies as the most ferocious flick in French history, and firmly stakes out a place in the genre that had once been dominated by the Asians and Italians. And now you get to see every scene in it's visceral, blood-drenched glory!

A personal fave is the most graphic

flaying/grub session ever lensed: a 400 pound tub of goo tries to escape the geriatric ghouls by way of the cellar window and gets stuck with his sizable ass-end exposed. The matrons of malice find him, take a healthy bite out of his leg for an appetizer, rip off a huge flap of the ol' flesh sac, lick it clean and then shred his legs and gorge on muscles and tendon as they snap away from the bone. Talk about delivering the fuckin' groceries! More fun highlights include a priest being mind-fucked into decorating the wall with an M-16 to the brain, a guy getting one arm and both legs chopped off with a halberd then speared through the crotch and vaulted through the air! What? That's not enough? But wait! There's more! A crucifix through the eye, face-splitting, cranial

chomping, hands and fingers lopped off, and still more!

Granted there are plot holes you could drive a Mack truck through, the final climax leaves a lot to be desired, and the ending seems tacked on, not to mention the final "plot twist" that is so commonplace that it seems to have been lifted out of a Freddy flick. But then again, the dialogue is better than average, the characters are diverse and unlike so many entries in the "Trapped in the House/Building with a Killer/Monster" sub-genre where all of the characters follow the same scream/run/die formula, and then there are the stand-out FX.

Needless to say, **RABID GRANNIES** is a helluva find, and it's definitely recommended viewing.

FUCK THE MPAA

EDITORIAL BY: SHAWN SMITH OF ULTRA-VIOLENT VIDEO

Fuck it! That's it, I give up! How many times have you spoken aloud these exact words after returning home from your local video store disappointed and empty handed? It happens to hundreds of horror fans everyday. Coming home with absolutely nothing after hours of searching through the enormous horror selection for anything to wet their bloody taste buds. It seems like every fuckin' horror release these days is a direct-to-video piece of shit. In other words, no acting, no gore, no plot, no good. Not even a case of beer and a good bag of dope could spice up these lame-ass titles, believe me guys, I've tried. . . All you horror fans out there stop wasting your time at Blockbuster! Video stores stock shit!

Welcome to the horror underground, where you can see what you want, when you want. See rare, uncut, unreleased, hard-to-find

horror films. Director's cuts, working prints, behind-the-scenes footage, European films, Asian films, and thousands of other imported horror that will satisfy any gorehound's appetite. There are no limits. . .

You can thank the Motion Picture Association of America for the downfall of the American Horror film and the uprising of underground video sources. In recent years it seems that the MPAA has developed a serious grudge against us horror fans by singling out horror genre offerings for their un-American censorship tactics, while half-retarded Arnold Schwarzenegger can get away with as much gore and violence as possible. To me, it's the classic example of ignorant people trying to destroy something they don't understand. Why do we enjoy violence? Why does the sight of blood and destruction excite us? How can we



find death so interesting and sometimes quite amusing? I myself am not really sure why, but I have the right to see what I want, no matter how morbid or socially damaging, and no one will take that right away from me. The MPAA's idea is that by severely cutting our films they're sending a message to genre filmmakers that this

type of material won't go! Stop making your films so violent or suffer the consequences of severe editing to receive the rating you desire. The MPAA claims that's not censorship. What the fuck do you call it? Is the filmmaker free to make the film the way he or she wants? Are we able to see the film the way it was meant to be



I wonder what rating the MPAA would give "The Flower of Flesh and Blood," a popular episode of the snuff-like GUINEA PIG Series from Japan.

seen? Or are we seeing the MPAA's version that's "safe for the public." Bullshit!

Take for example, Sam Raimi, one of the most talented filmmakers of our time, and look at the differences between EVIL DEAD 1 & 2 and the soon to be released ARMY OF DARKNESS. Now you tell me the MPAA isn't guilty of censorship. Sam was forced to tone things down on the set of EVIL DEAD 2 in hopes of receiving an R-rating. Even after limp-dicking his way through the film, the MPAA still wouldn't give Sam his R. Luckily the film went out unrated, but fell flat on it's face because most theaters wouldn't carry the film without a rating. What would EVIL DEAD 2

have been if Sam had been given the freedom as an artist to make the film he dreamed of, without the MPAA's interference?

Now we've got ARMY OF DARKNESS : EVIL DEAD 3. One of the most anticipated horror films in recent years and like most horror enthusiasts any stills or trailers from ARMY make my dick hard. But will ARMY be a worthy 3rd chapter in the EVIL DEAD Series if it's branded with a PG-13 rating? Yes, that's right, rumor has it that ARMY will receive a PG-13 rating and will most probably end up double-billed with Walt Disney's ALADDIN. No doubt leaving horror connoisseurs and EVIL DEAD junkies horribly unsatisfied.



The MPAA cut ten minutes from this Fulci classic (THE BEYOND), retitled it, and changed the score. . . dickheads.

This is America right? Then why do we let others decide what we can or can't watch? No one knows what's good or bad for you but yourself. Don't let the MPAA, horn-again Christians, or bored housewives tell you that horror films provoke violent behavior. Bullshit! I've been raised on horror films and I haven't killed anyone, yet. . . Although if someone could get me the home address of the president of the MPAA, Jack Valenti, . . . Just kidding, I wouldn't kill him, I might torture him a little though. Or better yet, I'd seduce his sixteen-year-old daughter and film myself invading her virgin butthole with my meat pipe, I'd then

submit the finished product to the MPAA to see what rating it would receive. Then of course I'd send the uncut version to every underground dealer I know.

The MPAA's actions have forced today's horror fans to go through pirate video dealers to obtain films of interest. Why rent an R-rated version of PHANTASM 2 when you can pay your local video pirate about \$20 for an uncut version with extra gore, alternate scenes, and a more complete ending? Doesn't make much sense does it? But that's the state of things. Fans are always in search of the most complete version of their favorite horror films and hoodleggers supply that need. Although some video companies release uncut or unrated version of some of their films, most "family oriented" video stores like Blockbuster won't carry the unrated versions, and sometimes even the unrated versions are still missing scenes that the underground sources have tracked down.

If you're a horror junkie surviving on the limited selection of American released titles then you're really missing out. There's a whole world of films out there with a much higher entertainment value than your ordinary US effort. It's a shame they aren't given more credit. If you're one of those people that's been hypnotized into believing that films like Ghoulies Go To College are entertaining (give me a fuckin' break), I urge you to continue reading Blackest Heart. Let us be your guide to the underground world of horror. And let us enlighten you.

**UNCUT, HARD-TO-FIND
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AND OTHER WEIRD SHIT
ULTRA-VIOLENT VIDEO**

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BAND SPOTLIGHT: CIRCUS OF FEAR

As part of our commitment to the underground world, Blackest Heart will feature interviews with alternative bands. Our first installment features Circus of Fear, a band formed in July, 1992 in San Pablo, CA. The band consists of: Ronnie Yost (Lead Vocals), Tom Dykes (Lead Guitar/Backing Vocals), Jon Howell (Bass/Backing

Vocals), and Ricky Erhart (Drums). The band is trying to take a different approach at the local, Bay Area Thrash scene with a raw sound and growing theatrical stage show because the group plans to live up to its name.

BH: When and who formed the band?

COF: Ricky - Satan did!

Tom - Ronnie did.

Ronnie - Well, the three of us (Tom, Jon, Ronnie) had a past band that Tom formed. We broke up for about a year—it was nothing sexual—Ha! Ha! Then, I called the guys up and reformed the band under a new name. Then, we got dumb old Ricky, and the band formed in July.

BH: Where did the name of the band, Circus of Fear, come from?

COF: Jon - Ronnie.

Ricky - Ronnie.

Tom - Ronnie Monster.



The Clown - Part of COF's stage show.

Ronnie - It was me, I admit it! I was in a band called Shattered Chalice. A song I wrote with that band had a line—Circus of Fear—in it. I always liked it, so when I formed this band, I suggested the name. Everyone seemed to like it, but it originally hails back to an old 1967 B-movie under the same name.

BH: How would you classify your music?

COF: Ricky - He'vy

metal (Hal Ha! Ha!).

Tom - Heavy and fast sometimes.

Ronnie - Metal with a punk feel . . . metal/punk. A friend of mine came to our last show and said we sound hardcore . . . I don't know?

Jon - Poison.

Tom - Original and fuck Jon and fuck Poison. I think you could only classify us as original.

BH: What influences the lyrics of your songs?

COF: Ronnie - The lyrics are



Ronnie Yost - -Lead Vocals



*Tom Dykes -- Guitarist and
Manson look-alike.*

influenced by a lot of things, but mainly movies, all kinds of movies! Violent movies, action movies, B-movies, black-and-white oldies and even comedies. I write all my own lyrics on topics that I find interesting.

BH: Describe to us one of the stories told in a song you wrote?

COF: Ronnie - We have a song called "In a World Gone Mad," which is taken from a local cable television channel. The show was called "Asylum Video Psychotherapy" and it was great! It featured a Charlie McCarthy doll which talked to the camera. He spoke of a world gone mad. He told stories of buildings falling on your mommy and daddy and killing elementary teachers. I was amused, so I wrote a song.

BH: Are there any new songs in the works?

COF: Tom - Yes, there are four new songs in the works.

Ronnie - And some old ones that Tom, Jon, and myself wrote in the past.

Ricky - There's 500 new songs in the works, but we haven't heard them yet (Ha! Ha!

Ha!).

Ronnie - Ricky's a jerk! We got a new one called "The Institute for Revenge," and we're working on our theme song--"The Circus of Fear."

BH: Who are your influences?

COF: Ricky - Animals!

Jon - You suck dick, Rick!

Tom - Tony Iommi, Eddie Van Halen, Ted Nugent.

Jon - Cliff Burton.

Ronnie - Bon Scott.

Ricky - Ricky Rocket (Ha! Ha!)

BH: Do you have any demos?

COF: Jon - No.

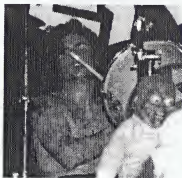
Tom - We're about to start recording soon.

BH: What can be expected at a Circus of Fear show?

COF: Ronnie - Ricky should be there.

Tom - Loud music.

Jon - A good time.



Ricky Erhart -- Drums.

Ronnie - You gotta see it.

BH: Describe your stage show.

COF: Ronnie - As I said before, you gotta see it! We played a show with Paul DiAnno's Killers (remember him from Iron Maiden) and we had too much shit. There wasn't enough room on the stage for all of our props and stage show, so we cut and toned the show down. But our show will grow more and more in the future. I won't give too much away, but right now we do have a cool looking clown running around with us on stage. One day it will be a real circus.

BH: Since the band hails from the San Francisco Bay Area Thrash scene, do you fit in the scene of local bands?

COF: Jon - Hell no!

Tom - We're one of a kind.

Ronnie - A lot of bands around here try so fucking hard to be Metallica. We're doing something different. We're playing basic, catchy music that sticks in your head. Fuck the trendy old bastards that talk shit about us. At least we are being ourselves.

BH: What is the Circus of Fear gimmick?

COF: Ronnie - We suck (Ha! Ha!)

Tom - Our music and our stage show is our gimmick.

BH: Besides music, what hobbies do you have?

COF: Ricky - I play drums.

Jon - You dumb fuck, I can't believe I'm in a band with suck a stupid fuck!

Ronnie - I beat off.

Tom - You took my answer.

Jon - Ricky kills babies.

Tom - I break beds.

Ronnie - Seriously, I collect toys and watch movies.

BH: Any final comments?

COF: Tom - Yeah, you suck my dick!

Ronnie - Time to shave your Mom's back!

Jon - Ricky's a fag.

Ricky - You suck dick, Jon!

Ronnie - Why do you guys suck so much dick?

Jon - C'mom guys.

Tom -

Shut up, fags.

Ronnie - Don't call me a fag, you testtube baby that popped!

Tom -

Hey, you anal cum bubble!

Ricky -

Are we still being interviewed?

Ronnie -

Fuck off, queer bait.

Jon -

Watch your language.

Ronnie -

Fuck you, you don't look so tough.

Jon - You wanna go some?

Tom - You guys calm down or I'll kick both your asses.

Ricky - Yeah.

Jon - Shut up, punk, I'll kill you!

Tom - You guys are getting crazy, I'm going home now.

Ricky - Are we still being interviewed?



Jon Howell -- Bass.

THREAT THEATRE: ANALLY RAPING VIDEO COLLECTORS

BY: SHAWN SMITH AND TIMOTHY PATRICK

Todd Tjersland smokes dick for pocket change.

When horror emerged as a legitimate genre, it was difficult for fans to get uncut copies of horror films, especially European films. Bootleggers immediately came forward to fill this need and distribute the films to fans. These early bootleggers did their job out of a loyalty to the genre and as a service to others who enjoyed the films but were unable to view them.

Recently, however, the Bootlegging community has witnessed the birth of a second generation of Bootleggers—ones more interested in profit than Horror. The worst example of this new breed is Threat Theatre and its owner Todd Tjersland. Now, there is nothing wrong with making an honest profit from bootlegging, but Todd Tojizzon doesn't give a shit about horror movies or his customers and he has no respect for other bootleggers.

The early bootleggers and most of the new ones look after each other and let each other



Artist's conception of what Todd Tjersland looks like without a dick down his throat.

know what's happening in the genre while Mr. Jizonmyface takes every opportunity to backstab other bootleggers. He does this by talking shit about everyone he does business with and lying to everyone who will listen to his cum-drenched fantasies.

Todd's lies start in his catalog and never stop. His catalog is really a list of movies he has seen in Ultra-Violent Video's, Midnight Video's, Chas. Balun's, and Far East Flix' lists (he doesn't actually have a copy of the films). Then, when he gets orders for the tapes, he buys them from the legitimate bootleggers and makes a copy to sell to his customer. To us, this sounds like a great idea—order a movie that Todd Jizzeater doesn't have, pay more, and get a next generation copy. Of course, if you have a brain, you realize this is stupid and that Todd is a fucking prick. Every time you order a tape from him,

he is ripping you off (his slogan should be: "It takes longer, costs more, and looks worse").

We do realize that you have to get your movies from somewhere, but Todd doesn't have any legitimate contacts for first generation

copies. He is a fucking hack who lifts titles from others and then badmouths other bootleggers. Whenever you talk to Todd (while he's taking a break to pick the cum out of his face) he starts lying about everyone he steals movies from. Todd said, "Don't get movies from Ultra-Violent Video, they get their movies from me. Midnight Video uses shitty tapes. So-and-so from Far East Flix is a drunk." All of these things are lies that he makes up to steal business from people who like the films and the people they trade with. The other bootleggers treat the business and their competitors as a family while Todd only thinks about himself and fucking everyone over.

He could make up for some of this bullshit by filling orders quickly and having good quality, but he doesn't. His tapes are always a generation older than the originals he buys and it takes him weeks to fill orders. Most of the time you spend waiting is the time it takes him to get the movies from other bootleggers. And,

while you wait, you could call Todd and ask where the fuck your tape is, but he won't tell you. He'll lie to you on the phone and say, "I don't handle that part of the business." Then, after another week of waiting, his little sister will call you posing as his secretary, and she starts lying to you. The whole inbred clan spends all their time thinking up bullshit stories to cover up their rip-offs.

What a great guy--he runs a hell of a business. If you want to get robbed and backstabbed, order your tapes from Threat Theatre. If you want to deal with honest people who like their customers and are honest with them, order from the other bootleggers--the ones with class.

(Todd Tjersland probably doesn't smoke any dick, of course we don't know that. But anyway, this is a joke, Ha! Ha! Take it for what it is.)

FAMOUS FUCKHEADS

EDITORIAL BY: TIMOTHY PATRICK

The world is full of famous people, and these people are famous for many reasons. Some are sports heroes, some are entertainers, and some are politicians, but they have one thing in common: they are usually fuckheads. Why? Well, I consider all these occupations fine, but they don't give anyone special insight or the responsibility to lecture to others. Of course, famous people always seem to do just that. Whether it's telling you how to vote or how to live your life, there is always some asshole on TV or in the paper offering their "opinion," not that it has any more weight than

mine or yours. We, however, don't have the luxury of mass media to spread our ideas, so I will use this column, FAMOUS FUCKHEADS, to point out the mistakes and presumptions of the famous.

I must start with PUNKY BREWSTER, that little bitch from that shitty show that was on for far too long. I recently saw her on one of the afternoon talk shows complaining that "my breasts are too large!" When I heard her say that, I wanted to cry; it's such a shame that a teenager (she's around seventeen) has large

breasts. I know that when I was in high school the girls with large breasts were shunned by all the guys and never had any friends. Yeah right! We're supposed to feel sorry for Punky because she has humongous hooters (she had them reduced, but they were still huge!), what a joke! No one feels sorry for me because my dick is so large (just kidding, they do feel sorry for me). Why can't she just be happy with the gift God blessed her with? He obviously gave them to her for a reason, and I can't believe she doesn't know what it is. God only gives women large breasts when he wants them to be strippers and porn stars. Punky is simply afraid to accept God's calling and is struggling with her faith. I hope she finds this out in time to live as God wants her to—with her top off and her titties displayed in full glory.

Speaking of God, I think I'll move on to the POPE. I don't know what your beliefs are, but I find this Pope to be a real shithead. All his religious bullshit doesn't bother me, but he is really clueless about American Catholics and he doesn't understand and won't admit that strict rules do not go over well here. Anyway, the Pope just came out and said he is against genetic engineering, which isn't too surprising. No, it didn't boggle my mind when he spoke against "playing God." I think he's stupid for saying it, but it didn't surprise me. What did shock me is that the Pope included engineering crops so they produce more food.

Nice, real fucking nice. Half the world is starving and Mr. Pope doesn't want people to use modern technology to help feed them because that would be "playing God." This is where he is wrong because playing God indicates you are taking God's job from Him, but God isn't feeding the people—He's letting them starve. What scientists are really doing is taking over for a blind God who lets his people starve.

Another interesting aspect of the Pope's

edict is how ignorant it is. Farmers have been playing God ever since time began. As soon as they learned about crops, farmers began cross-breeding various seeds to make more durable and hearty crops. Had Jesus been a farmer, he would certainly have chosen the best seeds to plant, which is, in its simplest form, genetic engineering. But the Pope ignored this fact, just as he ignores most of the truth while he plows through common sense toward some goal only he can fathom. The only thing that makes sense to me is that he sees genetic engineering as a threat. The Catholic Church flourishes in impoverished areas because it offers hope, but if all the starving were well-fed, there would be no need for Mr. Pope and he would have to go back to waiting tables. Way to look out for your own interests at the expense of millions of innocent people, fucking prick!

Now, I move on to the most malicious and dangerous person in the country today, ANN LANDERS. Her bullshit article telling the horde of losers who write in to her what to do makes me sick. What the fuck does this bitch know about anything? I don't see any degree after her name like Ann Landers, Ph.D. No, it's just Ann Landers, skanky bitch with a 50's haircut. All that aside, I read her article one day and saw an ad for one of her pamphlets, "How to Make Friends and Stop Being Lonely." I had to have it.

I ordered the pamphlet and read through Ann's suggestions on how to be a wonderful person and be popular—the pamphlet was pure shit. As suspected, the whore doesn't know what the fuck she is talking about. Her idea of a way to meet people is going up and saying, "That's a great haircut. Who is your barber?" Yeah, Ann, that will work real well. She also had this brilliant insight: "If you cannot respect a person because he or she has poor character or his or her personality is obnoxious, why go out of your way to cultivate a friendship?" I saw

God when I read that. I never would have thought of it. Let's see, if someone is an asshole and I hate them, I shouldn't be their friend? Wow! Thanks, Ann, you really helped me out.

And she continues with another good one: "The person doesn't exist about whom you can't say one nice thing." That's right. Hitler, man could he tell a joke, and he was a hell of a motivator. Or, Ann Landers, I like your haircut, where did you find someone old enough to remember when that cut was in style?

After reading her string of stupidity, I had to know why people listen to her, but I just can't figure it out. She is just some woman who doesn't know shit about shit, but people actually make decisions about their lives based on what she says. I don't like that. I can't stand it when someone has that kind of power over people and they don't use it for their own personal gain. She is obviously nuts!

So what can you do? Stop ber! Write to your paper and tell them to stop carrying her fucked up article. Write her and ask to see her credentials, or some proof that she has any great knowledge of the human condition. Do something, but don't let her get away with her shit.

And, as if you needed any more incentive, I'll leave you with another quote, "People who hang out in bars are generally drinkers. This could mean trouble." She is right about this one because I hang out in bars and if I ever see her in one, I'm going to punch her in the fucking throat. That's a promise (but of course it's not a threat. That would be wrong).



Ann Landers: ANAL WHORE

If you happen to come across any Famous Fuckheads, send me a letter with any information about their Fuckheadedness that you have.

(I have never met anyone mentioned in this article, and I don't know much about them, but that doesn't stop me from making up stuff about them. Because it's a JOKE, don't take it too seriously!)

IF MORE NUNS WERE LESBIANS, I MIGHT GO TO CHURCH

BY: KEN KISH OF VIDEO WASTELAND

Tell somebody you just watched a really sleazy film and what comes to mind? Something as lame as BASIC INSTINCT, which is really just an overpriced soft-core thriller starring some old guy with a wrinkly ass? Nah, films like BASIC INSTINCT, FATAL ATTRACTION, 9½ WEEKS, and all the other over-budget shit the major studios heap upon the masses is crap! Yep, I said shit, with a capitol "S." It's just an excuse to sell overly slick, polished and well-rehearsed simulated sex to your mother and the rest of the God fearing masses. Fuck 'em! When I say sleaze, I mean that twisted little bastard offspring of the exploitation film.

Sleaze films are rarely ever really good examples of filmmaking, often made on the cowering budget of a "Studio Spectacular" over done idea. Plots generally run short of ideas after the first ten minutes or so leaving nothing to get in the way of the rest of the film and actors are generally graduates of the Ed Wood school of acting badly. Sleaze films deal with taboo topics like wife swapping, Nazis, torture, women's prisons, oppressed sexual misfits and a whole slew of topics only found in the world of "sleaze." They also combine "that's a no-no" big studio ideas like a Nazi run women's prison filled with torture loving lesbians hiding a goat in the laundry room. Doesn't matter how you add it up, sleaze is an enjoyable art form if you're willing to admit you enjoy this kind of thing.

I've met a lot of people who just adore a

good ol' romp through the world of scum and slime. I've also met an equal amount of people who absolutely hate exploitation/sleaze films and have a hard time understanding how I can view a steady diet of these things. But remember, these are the same people who flock to theaters to watch HONEY, I BLEW THE KID, THREE MEN FONDLE A BABY, or any lame over-done US

action film starring that stellar dick-wad Steven Seagull (or whatever that stiff prick's name is).

To all of you people I say FUCK YOU! Stop reading right now, pack up your brood of smart - mouthed undisciplined TV addicted, "the world should be banded to me on a silver platter"

fucking' kids and go rent something you've seen a million times from the "we cater to you kind of people" video chain-store down the street. Did I make myself clear enough?

To the rest of you, Welcome to the first installment of *DON'T STEP IN THE WET SPOT*.



'Looks like a nice day for a walk and a muff dive.'

To get the balls a bouncing, I'd like to take a look at one of the sleaziest offerings in the spectrum of exploitation films: The Lesbian Nun Movie.

Lesbian Nun Movies (or LNM's as I'll refer to them) appeared during the 70's and lasted only a few short years before fading into obscurity. During this short time a handful of the most wonderfully sacrilegious and sleazy films ever made were unleashed.

The only drawback to the LNM is that 99.9% of these things are in Italian, and any of them is a rarity to get a hold of in English. Don't let this discourage you from seeing one of

these, however, plots are minimal, falling into only two basic outlines: the first being the most obvious.

Satan naturally rears his ever present



'Grease up that butthole, sister!'

head and decides to (for no apparent reason) fuck with the convent, taking over the fair sisters one by one until all are acting out suppressed sexual desires, fashioning crucifix dildos and turning the convent into a place I'd like to visit on a Saturday night.

This is the case in one of the best LNM's to come around, Director Aristide Massaccesi's *IMMAGINI DE UN CONVENTO*. (Aristide, by the way, is better known by his pseudonym Joe D'Amato.) In *IMMAGINI* we have a convent of the best looking nuns you'll ever see being taken over by 'the evil one' until the place is a feast of God fearing flesh testing out the taboos of lesbianism. No real plot to get in the way of

this gem, I highly recommend it. Especially if you know some born-again dip shit to show it to.

The second basic plot of a LNM usually deals with a corrupt sister of God who's not afraid to step on anybody who gets in the way of her ultimate goal, which is usually to become a corrupt Mother Superior. On her way to the top, she usually lures a couple of the younger sisters into her web via a couple of gratuitous lesbian scenes. This is the plot of one of the slightly slower, but still essential LNM's, director Paolo Dominic's *NUNS OF SAINT ARCHANGELO*. In *NUNS* the evil sister gets hers in the end, but she causes quite a lot of shit before she's found out. *NUNS OF SAINT ARCHANGELO* is one that has popped up in English too, so at least if it's got to be a little slower you can understand the story. Or rather what story there is of it.

Other films that would fall into the Lesbian Nun niche, following the same basic plots are *SISTER OF SATAN/INNOCENTS FROM HELL*, the *NUNS OF MONZA* films, Walerian Borowczyk's *BEHIND THE CONVENT WALLS*, and even a handful of Jess Franco films like *SEX DEMONS* and *LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN*.

There aren't many of them, I'll admit that. I could include possession films that have a nubile young beauty being taken over by Satan and committing acts of sacrilegious masturbation and lesbianism, but then this would wind up a five thousand word essay, and I don't want that. Maybe I'll save the possession films for another time?

Until then, all I've got to say is that for the exploitation film fan, these things are worth seeking out. LNM's always star the most gorgeous women, unlike real life where all the nuns you see had to give their life to the Lord because no man would ever get drunk enough to touch them. Believe me, once you've seen a decent Lesbian Nun Movie life will never be the same!

I WANNA SEE BITCHES GETTIN' JIZZED ON

EDITORIAL BY: RASTAMAN

Tales from the Front

Pat Buchanan said at the Republican National Convention that a cultural war was being waged in America. And even though Patty Stab is a cock-hungry loser who prefers little boys and his right hand to a six-pack and hitches in heat, I have to admit he's right on this one.

Welcome to Tampa, Florida, located square in the middle of an ever-widening Bible belt. Even without baseball, you'd think with the nice weather and ample supply of titty bars that life in the Sunshine State couldn't be better. Well, that ain't the way it is.

The other Saturday I had the urge to watch hitches getting jizzed on, so off I go to the neighborhood video store. No luck. "Sorry, we don't have any of *those* movies." No problem, I thought, there's another store just down the block. Of course, there wasn't any real entertainment there either. Turns out you can't rent pornos in THE ENTIRE COUNTY. Gimme a fuckin' break Rastaman, you say. No, I'm serious, some kind of ordinance prevents the renting of tapes with shitters getting popped, saggy poony getting plowed or



*Rastaman and his Posse cruising
for porn.*

the ever favorite facial froth shot. Yes, imagine that. People rent videos and then have sex in the privacy of their own home. This abomination must be stopped!

There is, however, one store in the county which is allowed to carry them. Why, I don't know, but thank god for them. I get to this place on Pimp Row in the heart of Tampa and they must have 10,000 titles, including three sections: Butts, Mo' butts, and Mo' better butts. Finally, I had arrived.

I decided to find out about their rental policy and the guy behind the counter tells me, "Annual membership fee of 20 bucks, payable every year, and each movie is \$5.50 per night." No sooner had I come face to face with the glory and magic of Zara White's ass than the gates of heaven had closed.

While I sat and wondered how a whole fucking county of men who sit at the beach and watch half-naked hitches all day could stand coming home and not reliving the fantasy with the aid of porn, I decided to call it a day. I thought the night's rest would do me good, you know, maybe it was all just a had dream.

Well, I woke up still pretty depressed, so I decided to start drinking. It's amazing what habits you can pick up at college when your two

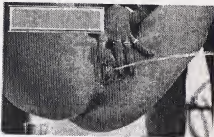
roommates are alcoholics who seem more interested in shitting in the street or fucking a desk than pounding poon (yes, Timothy Patrick is a wild one). [Editor's note: I wasn't the one who wanted to fuck a desk.] Anyhow, I get to the store and there's a big sign over the liquor section which says, "By state law such-and-such, no alcoholic beverages may be sold on Sunday until 1 P.M." I almost lost it right there in the aisle. First, porn and now heer. Ever heard of separation of church and state, you fuckin' tools? Where the hell is Big Al when you need him? Realizing the desperate nature of my situation, there was only one thing left to do. It was time to visit Tatiana.

Tatiana was someone I met while taking some graduate courses at a local university. Thankfully, women at this school have no problem wearing shorts so tight and so short that their lips practically hang out begging for cock. Tampa's not all bad. Anyway, Tatiana turns out to be a topless dancer at a nearby titty bar. She's danced for Michael Jordan and the rest of the Bulls, along with several other notables.

Upon arriving at the "gentlemen's club" (a.k.a. meat for sale), I asked around for Tatiana. Turns out she was in the hospital. Some guy had kidnapped her, raped her, and almost murdered her. Nice fuckin' country. Now I finally knew that these Tampans are clusterfucks. If you rape the poon, or kill it, then its no longer around for the rest of us to enjoy (except for that small percentage of you who get into that dead chick stuff, in which case I'll give you the address of the hospital in case she doesn't make it. You can take care of the corpse for us). I happen to be one of those traditional guys who prefers his women to be breathing when I crack open their rosy sphincters.

At this point, I was shit out of luck. No

heer, no porn, no poon. A bad, bad dream for most of you was my reality. There was nothing left to do but pick up one of my sister's 17-year-old friends. Hey, don't knock it till you try it. If you want fresh fruit you have to pick it from the tree yourself. Sure, in the beginning they don't know a cock from a dildo from their pet dog, but eventually you teach them and they learn to suck and fuck with abandon. And



One of Rastaman's PEE-PEE girls.

guys, don't listen when they whine, "But it hurts..." Bullshit. They love it, they'll always love it, and as long as you don't put 'em six feet under they'll come back beggin' for more.

In lieu of all these lame laws, your Rastaman has started a grassroots movement here in West Central Florida. I'm calling it, "I want to see hitches getting jizzed on." I'm expecting a big following from my fellow oppressed porn-addicted alcoholics. You can send donations to this publication, or then again you could just send me a six-pack and some quality flicks. Either way I'm happy. This is the Rastaman signing off saying stay drunk, stay primed, and remember, it's never any fun until someone gets hurt.

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